

THE
ODISH COUPLE.

A Bodewy
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
In DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.



L O N D O N:
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M DCC XXXII.
[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

THE

ODISH COUPLE

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THE THER DIAL

AND RUNY-ANNE

BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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To the Right Honourable

W I L L I A M

Lord *HARRINGTON*.

My LORD,



A M very sensi-
ble that by thus
addressing Your
Lordship, I am
laying a new Ob-
ligation on my-
self, instead of making any Re-
turn for the many Civilities and

DEDICATION.

Fayours I have already received:
But, as I depend on Your Lord-
ship's singular Humanity and
Goodness for Your Patronage of
a Performance which stands in
need of so powerful a Protec-
tion, so I'll endeavour that it
shall be as little disagreeable to
You as possible, by entirely a-
voiding to make any Assault up-
on You with the Panegyrical
Weapons of a Dedicator. All
that those Retailers of Praise pre-
tend to, is to inform the World
how much their Patron is dis-
tinguish'd, by his Merit and Vir-
tues, from the rest of Mankind.
But Your Lordship is not now
to be distinguish'd, nor the
World

DEDICATION

World to be inform'd, how much You merit to be so; and yet believe me, my Lord, 'tis with the utmost Difficulty that I am here able to keep my Word: Your great Abilities, and unquestion'd Integrity in that high Station in which His Majesty, to the Honour of his Administration, and the Good of his People, has plac'd You; that Openness and Generosity of Heart which shine in all Your Words and Actions; that Sweetness, Candor, and winning Condescension with which You behave towards Your Inferiors, and all Mankind, are Themes so inviting — But I dare go no farther,

DEDICATION.

ther, only to beg Your Lordship's Pardon for laying hold on this Occasion, to declare how ardently I desire to be esteem'd,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most devoted humble Servant,

CHARLES BODENS.

P R O L O G U E.

By a F R I E N D.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

WELL, Sirs! we trust you're all assembled here,
With keen-set Palates to our Comick Cheer;
If so, our Author hopes to send you home
In the good Humour that he's sure you're come;
And, faith, if Curiosities delight,
The Devil's in't but we must please to-night;
Cook'd to the nicest Taste, we entertain
With a new Kickshaw of a Courtier's Brain;
Serv'd up in Humour neat, and Wit untarnish'd,
And ev'ry Dish with Fools and Coxcombs garnish'd.

Hence, Criticks, judge what Treat you're to expect,
Something that's light, free, bold and incorrect;
No heavy Meal plac'd out in Form and Rule,
Correctly flat, and most profoundly dull:
Where all is chill'd with such excess of Art,
That not one Morsel ever cheers the Heart.

To such cool Judgment we have no pretence,
Our only Aim's at sprightly common Sense;
The Laws of Nature we alone obey,
And, artless, follow where she leads the Way.

Thus, void of Craft, we labour to prepare
A cheerful Course of homely Christmas Fare;
And as we've various Appetites to feast,
Here's something got to pleasure every Guest:
Faults for the Criticks, Humour for the Cits,
Wit for the Ladies, Satire for the Wits;
For our nice Friends above gay Scenes and Clothes,
And some Whipt-Sillabub to treat the Beaux.

Fall too then, each on what he likes the best,
And kindly toast the Founder of the Feast.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Modely.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Mr. Claremont, his Friend.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Grinly.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Sir Lubbardly Block, Guar- dian to Clarissa.</i>	<i>Mr. Harper.</i>
<i>Squire Chip, his Son.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Modely.</i>	<i>Mrs. Heron.</i>
<i>Clarissa, secretly married to Claremont.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cibber.</i>
<i>Lucy, Maid to Clarissa.</i>	<i>Mrs. Grace.</i>

Servants, &c.

S C E N E *Hampton-Court.*



THE
MODISH COUPLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Dining Room in Lord Modely's House,
Servants taking away the Cloth, &c. as after Dinner.*

BUTLER.

PRAY, Gentlemen, dispatch, or the Cards will be wanted before the Cloth is remov'd — *Handy*, where are your Ears? — They ring in the Drawing-Room.
Enter Thomas.

Tho. Mr. *Handy*, Mr. *Hondy*, you are wanted within — But hold, I can save you that Trouble, by telling you the Business — You mun carry my Lady her Parrot, for she wants some body to talk with, and my Lord one of the last new Tragedies, for he has occasion to take a Nap.

Butl. But, *Thomas*, is this your Country Management? you should have done the Message your self, instead of delivering it to another.

Tho. Why no, Mr. *Butler*, it should seem I an't learn'd enough; for my Lord said, if he sent such a Booby as I am, he might mayhap have a Sermon
B brought

brought instead of a Play, *which* he could not read enough of, to throw him asleep ——— I suppose his Lordship had a mind to be jocular with me; for I dare say, it wou'd not be in my Power to make such a Blunder in this House.

Butl. Ha, ha, ha, I believe not, honest *Thomas*, indeed.

Tho. No; no, I'll wager not—and then my Lady swore (Mercy on me) that I should not lay my Country-sift on her Poll for the World, lest if he peck't at me I should twist his Neck for'n, as I did that of her Squirrel for biting my Finger.

Butl. Ay, *Thomas*, that I think was one of the first Jobs you did in the House, and was very like to have prov'd the last too.

Tho. No, no, haud you there—Madam, indeed, was in a woundy Rage—But Master (my Lord, I should say) made but a laughing Bout on't.

Butl. You're oblig'd to your pretty Sister that you came off so well there.

Tho. Why, ay, I do think 'twas partly owing to *Sue*—Nay, as for that matter, I should ne'er have seen the Town an it had'n't been on her Account——for when my Lord was in the Country he hapn'd to pitch his liking on her, and was so good as to say, he would find Employment for her here.

Butl. And he has prov'd, I'll answer for him, as good as his Word.

Tho. Ay, ay, *Sue* lies under a great many Obligations to him; nay, for that matter so do I; for he told me, that if I would persuade my Sister to do as he would have her, he'd see that I should want for nothing neither—and so accordingly brought me along with'n——But I'll vow, Master *Humphry*, I don't approve of their way of living here. Why, there's my Lord and Lady within, they sit aloof, look askew, and talk so short to one another, as thouff they had got some catching Distemper, and kept their Mouths shut in order to keep out the Infection—and notwithstanding that they are one Flesh, 'tis plain
that

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that they are not of one mind; for they neither eat of the same Dish, drink of the same Bottle, nor lie in the same Bed, by all that appears.

Butl. Nay, what is more extraordinary, they have separate Purfes too, and yet very often without a Groat in either.

Tho. Hum—'tis very wonderful, mortal strange, indeed!

Butl. O! not at all, *Thomas*, you'll think nothing of this nature strange, when you have been a little longer in Town.

Tho. Nay, nay, 'tis like I shon't—you are vers'd in the Ways here, Master *Humphry*—you have been his Honour's Butler Time out o' mind, as one may say.

Butl. Ay, *Thomas*, but I fear he'll not have occasion for me much longer. He won't want a Butler when there's no Liquor in the Cellar.

Tho. Nay, if they are in such Straits, I don't wonder at their Carriage—Poverty belike has driv'n Love out of Doors.

Butl. Rather the want of Love has let Poverty in, so that 'tis time I'm sure for me to turn out—for I'll serve no Master living any longer than he is able to keep open Cellar; I can't afford to maintain this Body o' mine without eating and drinking.

Tho. Why, there you talk like a wife Mon indeed, Master *Humphry*. And tho', as I was saying, my Lord is a very good Friend o' mine, yet I shon't live in any House whatsoever when I find I am starv'd.

Butl. No, no, it can't be expected we should—but come let us remove—we shall have a better Stomach to talk of fasting after Dinner.

Tho. Hah! 'tis very wonderful, mortal strange indeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Drawing-Room, a Table with two Bottles and Glasses, Lord Modely on one side with a Book in his Hand and asleep. My Lady Modely on the other side playing with a Parrot.

La. Modely. Pretty Fool——this gay, chattering, lively,

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lively, impertinent Creature is a very expressive Emblem of a Gallant—and that slovenly, dumb, drowsy, unanimated Clod, a most significant Resemblance of the thing call'd Husband — What a delightful Piece it is! who could possibly avoid being charm'd with it?

L. Modely. [*Waking.*] Yaw' — Who my Dear — Who — yaw, who are you so charm'd with?

La. Modely. With you, my Love.

L. Modely. On my Life, you are a Woman of exceeding good Sense, Child — I see by your Fancy — Give me a Kiss — Yaw — — [*Kisses her.*

La. Modely. I desire, my Lord, you'll keep your Distance; how could you be such a Clown to yawn in one's Face — Buss Poll, you dear Rogue you —

[*Kisses the Parrot.*

L. Modely. Why, how now, you Rascal, do you rival me to my Face.

La. Modely. O lud, lud, lud, I would you were choak'd; for you have half strangl'd my Parrot.

L. Modely. I am greatly oblig'd to your Ladyship, truly; 'tis possible then I may stand in your Esteem, my Love, to be of just half so much Value as Poll.

La. Modely. Sure, my Lord, you are egregiously vain.

L. Modely. How should one be otherwise, when one has so fine a Woman for a Wife, and so extravagantly fond of one.

La. Modely. My Fondness, my Lord, tallies exactly with your Esteem.

L. Modely. Indeed, my Love, you have the Honour of being several *Notches* beyond me.

La. Modely. Come, come, my Lord, I find you want to have your Afternoon's Quarrel out — you had better be easy; for you know you never get any thing by it.

L. Modely. Yes, indeed, I do, my Dear — more of your sweet Company than I should otherwise have.

La. Modely. You take Pleasure, Sir, in making yours as disagreeable as possible.

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L. Modely. I take Pleasure, Madam, in resembling your Ladyship as much as possible.

La. Modely. You are a Monster, I'm sure!

L. Modely. I am your Husband, Madam.

La. Modely. You are extremely pleasant, my Lord; nay, very witty too, your Nap has done you a World of Service, both softn'd your Temper, and whetted your Understanding—If I might advise, you should take another Dose.

L. Modely. I thank you, my Dear; but I am first engag'd to wait on a Lady, and encounter her *tête à tête*, at Piquet; after which 'tis more than possible I may take your Advice.

La. Modely. And as I expect a Gentleman to amuse me in the very same Way, I don't question, my Lord, but you'll present me with a *Rouleau* or two of Guineas to keep my Hand in, the mean time; or else I shall be so wretchedly dull 'till my Love comes back again, that 'tis ten to one but I shall fall asleep too.

L. Modely. Hum—as to that, my Dear—look'e there's no body more willing to do handsom things that way than my self—But as the Duce would have it, Cash happens to run a little shallow at present, and you know, my Love, if the Cards should turn against me, I could not so conveniently score with a Lady, as on the same Occasion you might do with one of us—that you are convinc'd of, Child.

La. Modely. But if you han't it by you, my Lord, you may give me a Commission to send to your Banker.

L. Modely. There indeed, my Dear, you are perfectly in the right, and as far as my Credit will go with him, you are most sincerely welcome, [*Aside.*] which will not amount to a single Tester, I am sure.

La. Modely. Why, that now, my Lord, is generous of you, and you shall see I'll make good use of the Liberty you intrust me with.

L. Modely. That, my Love, I don't in the least dispute.

La. Modely. And so, my dear sweet Lord, your very humble Servant.

[*Exit.*]

L. Modely.

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L. Modely. My dear sweet Lady — The Devil take thee with all my Heart and Spirits. Well, what charming Company a Man and his Wife are? Such Conversation is a kind of a bitter Tincture, which whets a Man's Appetite, gives him a greater Gouft for his Pleasures abroad, and like *Affa foetida* drives away the Vapours merely by being nauseous..

Enter Claremont.

Clare. What, my Lord, entertaining your self with Soliloquy? One happy in so agreeable a Lady as you are, would never in my Opinion be at a Loss for a Companion.

L. Modely. Why Faith, I thought the same *Ned*, before I married her; but the most fragrant Flower you know will lose its Sweets by being too often smelt to.

Clare. And can Wedlock really work such malicious Miracles as to make a Man quite insensible to so many Charms?

L. Modely. Why look'e, *Ned*, a fine single Woman is like a Court Favourite, gaz'd at, flatter'd, and follow'd by all; the Adoration of our Sex, and Envy of her own: but when once disgrac'd by Matrimony, all her Divinity vanishes at once, and the higher she bore it before, she is the more contemptible afterwards.

Clare. Ay, my Lord, but that's only to her Husband, which is a little worth considering methinks; for when a Woman finds her self ill-treated by that Man alone, for whom she rejected so many others, there's a scurvy Chance of her indulging elsewhere.

L. Modely. O! I'm not at all apprehensive of that — I'll trust to the Woman's Ill-nature to keep her virtuous; she'll deny her self a Pleasure at any time, rather than give the least Satisfaction to another.

Clare. Very good, my Lord, and can't you conceive how the same Ill-nature may spirit her up to be reveng'd on a Husband, and so induce her to gratify another, rather than not be gratify'd in that respect her self.

L. Modely.

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L. Modely. Why, Faith, there might be something in that ; but then she has (Heav'n be prais'd) such a blessed share of Pride, that she would look on it as the utmost Misfortune for any one to think that she did not reign absolute over her Husband, or that 'twas in his Power not to use her well.

Clare. Ay, my Lord, but Family Discords are seldom kept Secrets.

L. Modely. Oh, but you're mistaken, Sir; for with the Generality of the World now, my Lady and I pass for a very fond Couple—and this we must say for our selves, that we hate one another with a great deal of Civility, and carry on our mutual Persecutions with a World of good Manners—but, prithee let us leave both the Subject and Place, for the first is plaguy disagreeable already, and the other will be no less so if we stay a little longer.

Clar. On what Account?

L. Modely. On the worst Account possible—bad Company. If we are mad enough to continue here a Quarter of an Hour longer, we shall be infallibly overwhelm'd with an Inundation of Fools.

Clare. What Fools do you mean?

L. Modely. Why, Fools in the superlative Degree, Womens Fools—your Mistress's Fools—*Clarissa's* Fools.

Clare. O! your humble Servant, Sir, then here's one of 'em already it seems.

L. Modely. No faith, *Ned*, she is rather thine; for thou hast behav'd towards her in so very different a manner from the common Run of Lovers, with so little Ceremony, and so much Sincerity, that the Girl, who has Discernment enough to distinguish between a Man and a Monkey, is ready at five Minutes Warning to fling her self into thy Arms.

Clare. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not suspect that we are married already—Dost thou really think so, my dear Friend? O! I could clasp the lovely Charmer, press her to my longing earning Bosom, and hold her there for ever.

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L. Modely. No no, you wou'd not indeed, *Ned*, — a very little time would cure your longing, and make you mighty willing to quit your hold; tho' I wish she once was there with all my Soul, for then in a little time thou might'st become a sociable Creature again, and by the same means I shou'd get my House rid of the Vermin that follow her.

Clare. What Vermin d'ye mean?

L. Mod. Why, in the first place, there's her goodly Guardian, that old *Pole-Cat*, Sir *Lubbardly Block*, who has a powerful Inclination, grey as he is, to Chickens Flesh; and to get out of whose Clutches you know, she fled to my Wife, tho' to very little purpose, for he haunts her here daily.

Clare. Ay, his Pretensions I am pretty well acquainted with already, as likewise those of the hopeful Blossom his Son, Squire *Chip*; the one always addresses her in the Language of a Jockey, and the other of a Huntsman — call her by the pretty Names of *Silverlocks*, *Whippersnapper*, *Filly*, and *Fleet* — and talk of her as of a running Mare, or a favourite Bitch.

L. Mod. Ha, ha, ha, but the most diverting Coxcomb is yet to come, her new Gallant Mr. *Grinly*.

Clare. He is one she has pick't up, I think, since she has been at *Hampton-Court*, and with whom I have not yet the honour to be acquainted.

L. Modely. Oh, Sir, you shall be made to know him in a very few words — He was the only Son of a rich Country Squire, who dying while he was young, left him under the Tuition of a loving Mother, by whom he was taught never to read, for fear of making his Head ake, never to write for fear of hurting his Eyes, or daubing his Fingers, and never to look into Accounts for fear of making him thoughtful.

Clare. A very wholesom and harmless Education.

L. Modely. Thus properly equipt, he sets out for *Cambridge*, where he went vigorously through a Course of Academical Learning; drank with his Tutor, lay with his Landress, run in Debt to his Tailor, bilkt the

Proctor,

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Proctor, broke the Chapel Windows, and then took a Degree of *Master of Arts*.

Clare. Ha, ha, ha, excellent Qualifications for a Degree indeed.

L. Modely. Thus finish'd, he's transplanted to Town, where from a *College-Rake* he's soon metamorphos'd into a *Temple Beau*, becomes a Setter-up of new Fashions, and a Demolisher of new Plays, a Pretender to Wit and Humour, and a perfect Master of Sncer and Banter. — And now, Sir, he is — Pox on him, he's here.

Enter Grinly.

Grin. My dear Lord, your Slave — I beg Pardon tho', faith, for intruding so abruptly; but Love, my Lord, you know, does not stand upon Ceremony.

L. Modely. There was no occasion, Sir, for any Apology, I am always prepared to receive my Friends.

Grinly. The knowledge of that, my Lord, was the Basis of my Presumption. There are some places now where I visit, that I'gad I'd as soon run my Head into a Bee-hive, as offer to enter without sending my Name in before me—tho' I made a plaguy Blunder that way t'other Day.

L. Modely. How was that Mr. *Grinly*?

Grinly. Why I had been tippling you must know pretty freely with two or three Noblemen, intimate Acquaintance of mine, when I unfortunately went to visit my Lord *Hothead*. As soon as the Door was open'd, Sir, I trips me up Stairs, bounces into the Room, where I found such a matrimonial Havock of Happiness — Oh! I am quite out of Breath with the thoughts of it.

L. Modely. Why, pray what was the matter?

Grinly. The matter? — 'gad that's more than I can tell. But such a Scene, such a Devil's Dance there, between my *Dove* and my *Deary*! The Floor was all cover'd with broken Glasses, China Cups, and a reeking Stream of Water scalding hot from a tipt-over Tea-table — my Lord stamping and swearing, the Parrot screaming, the Lap-dog yelping with a great Kick of

of the Guts, my Lady crying, and swooning into her Easy Chair, with her burnt Flanders Head-clothes in one Hand, and a Bottle of Hartshorn in t'other.

L. Modely. Upon which you kindly interpos'd, and brought about a Reconciliation.

Grinly. Ay to be sure, and so have brought 'em both upon my own back — no, no, I saw plainly they had private business, and so darted me out with as little Ceremony as if the House had been on fire 'egad — made but two Steps to the Bottom of the Stairs, broke my Shins over the Chairmens Poles, and run half a Mile before I was able to recover my Face into a Laugh from my Astonishment.

L. Modely. Why after such warning how durst you venture so boldly here?

Grinly. O my dear Lord, 'twas impossible for me to be under any such apprehension here; your Lordship and my Lady are such perfect Patterns of conjugal Harmony, that I'm only amaz'd at not finding you together. — [*Aside.*] There I think I had him.

L. Modely. [*To Claremont aside.*] Do you hear the Puppy?

Clare. Then 'tis my Lord's Felicity in that State I presume, Sir, that induces you to be so inclin'd to venture on it.

Grin. Hey! what! who! I marry! Do I look, pray Sir, as if I was made for the Gallies, or to dig all my days in a Colepit? What, to be chain'd down like a Bear to a Stake, to be baited all one's Life, by a shrill-tongu'd, impertinent, humerfome Puss — to be surfeited with the same insipid repast to Night, to morrow Night, and the next Night, and to be plagued with the hell-fire Din of a parcel of squalling Bratts. Wounds! Wedlock! the very Imagination makes my Head ake.

L. Modely. Hold, hold, Sir! you don't know perhaps that you are saying all this before your Rival — you would not choose to have it repeated again to *Clarissa*, I suppose.

Grinly,

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Grinly. Hey! my Rival! — He my Rival? ha, ha, — Sir, I'm your very humble Servant — Nay then 'tis over with me if I have such a Rival as you, Sir; *Clarissa*'s a Woman of that Taste and Penetration, that 'tis impossible but she must prefer a Gentleman of such a lively Wit and Humour, so elegant a Genius for Dress, and so genteel a Person, before such an unpolish'd, phlegmatick Animal as I am.

Clare. You are exceedingly complaisant, Sir; you don't, I see, follow the Court so much for nothing.

Grinly. No faith, Sir, I receive both Improvement and Diversion from it. But pray, my Lord, where can one meet with *Clarissa*? I am frozen to death in not having bask'd in the Sunshine of her Charms to Day — and my dear Friend and Rival Mr. *Claremont*, you won't be so inhuman as to tell her of a little Railery; you have no occasion, happy Man, to forward your own Addresses, by giving her an ill Opinion of mine; no, you are already Master of her matrimonial Affections; you are fixt, good Man, for her Husband, and sure you can't grudge that I should be her Gallant. — As you shall possess her afterwards like an Annuity for Life, you can't deny me the trifling Grant of her as a Pension at pleasure.

Clare. Oh, by no Means Sir — you're very welcome, I assure you, if you can prevail with the Lady.

Grinly. Dear Sir, I prevail — I can't prevail, I can do nothing with her — I have no Eloquence — no persuasion — and she is all Coldness, all Disdain, all Camphire, more obdurate than Flint Glass, except she be wrote on by so bright a Jewel as you are. 'Tis therefore you, Sir, that must melt her down, and then, 'tis possible, like Wax upon a Billet Deux, she may bear the impression of my Arms, as well as another Mans.

L. Modely. [To *Claremont*.] Was there ever such an insolent, insufferable Rascal?

Clare. S'death I shall certainly be provok'd to kick him — if that be all you desire, Sir, I shall certainly obtain it for you.

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Clare. S'death I shall certainly be provok'd to kick him — if that be all you desire, Sir, I shall certainly obtain it for you.

Grinly.

Grinly. Yes faith and troth, Sir, that's all; a few present Favours are the utmost of my Presumption — O Gad, Sir, I would not marry her for the World; alas Sir, I am so plaguily worldly-minded, that I can settle my Inclinations on nothing but Pelf. I can never give my hand to any one, but with a View of filling my Pockets.

L. Modely. Right, Mr. *Grinly*, Beauty and such things are transitory Trifles; but Gold is durable, and has Charms which are lasting.

Grin. True, my Lord — and then what a Barbarity it would be in me to ruin such a beautiful Creature as *Clarissa* is — 'Slife, Sir, if I was to be married to her but a single Month, I should make her as ugly as an *Opera Actress*, — I should teaze her every day — away vanishes the beautiful Rosiness of her Cheeks — she would be hourly crying for my neglect of her — what then would become of the Brilliant of her Eyes? I should keep Company with other Women — down goes her Nose — O 'tis terrible to think of — But come, Sirs, let us go and take a breathing Bout in the Park.

Clare. I must beg to be excus'd, Sir, for I have a little Business on my hands, that I must wait on at present.

L. Modely. Business, Ned!

Clare. Yes, my Lord, and a very invidious Task too, as Mr. *Grinly* represents it — a kind of Mediatorship betwixt Husband and Wife.

L. Mod. I cry you Mercy, Sir — you are turn'd Reformer then.

Clare. I wish I may be able to prove so, my Lord.

L. Mod. How stands the Affair?

Clar. Why a fashionable Couple of my Acquaintance, for whose welfare I have a very sincere Regard, have by their mutual ill Conduct and Contempt of each other, been unhappily led into such separate Extravagancies, that I dread the Consequence — The Husband keeps Company with, and maintains every handsome Woman he can procure, merely for the Pleasure of piquing his Wife. — And her Ladyship on the other

The MODISH COUPLE.

13

other hand, makes advances to every Coxcomb, and loses her Money to every Sharper, out of a sprightly and Lady-like Principle of Revenge. — In a word, by this Modish manner of Life, they have brought themselves, I fear, to the very Brink of Ruin.

L. Modely. [*Aside.*] Our very Condition, upon my Soul.

Grinly. This seems to be a true Copy of my Friend's Picture.

L. Modely. But, pray Sir, what miraculous Scheme have you drawn, to bring about this mighty Reformation?

Clare. You shall know, my Lord, if it proves successful — But I must now to the Lady, and begin the Execution of it. And so, Gentlemen, your Servant.

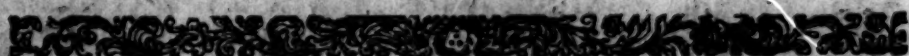
[*Exit.*]

Grinly. O! your Servant, your Servant, Sir. And now, my Lord, for a Turn in *Bushy* — and that we may always have a true Sense of Wedlock, let us take this Maxim along with us;

That Wit's but Froth, and Beauty will decay;

'Tis Gold alone the Husband's Toils can pay.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Bushy Park.*

Enter Lady Modely and Clarissa.

La. Modely. **D**EAR *Clarissa*, don't be so immoderately gay, you laugh so loud, you perfectly give one the Head-ach.

Clarif. Dear *Lady Modely*, don't be so ridiculously grave; you look so sad, you perfectly give one the Heart-ach, — what can you possibly find now that's worth being so solemn upon?

La.

La. Modely. I think, Child, I may more reasonably ask, what you can find to be so very merry at?

Clarif. Why, every thing in Life, my Dear — the whole World is nothing but a Jest — I laugh at City, Court, and Country; the solemn Fopperies of some, and the mad Follies of others — I laugh at you, and I laugh at my self.

La. Modely. But you must be merry, you know, with Moderation, the Philosophers tell you; and you must learn Philosophy, Child, now you are going to be married.

Clarif. Hang the Philosophers, they were all a pack of Mules, except the laughing ones — look'e, Lady *Modely*, you may be as wise as you please, but for my part I shall devote my self to Pleasure and Mirth; I will live with the Lark, and die with the Swan.

La. Modely. Don't resolve too hastily my Dear — Matrimony may possibly put you out of Tune.

Clarif. Quite the Reverse, my Dear — a Husband will serve instead of a Fan, a Thing to laugh behind with more Security, ha, ha — Matrimony! Why 'tis the greatest Jest of all.

La. Modely. I wish you may find it so, Child.

Clarif. I'll make it so, my Dear — if I have a good natur'd Man, I'll laugh with him, and if a cross Fellow, why, I'll laugh at him.

La. Modely. But suppose you have (what's the worst of all) an indifferent one, a Creature that behaves to you as if you were his Grandmother, that would walk in and out, backward and forward, and take no more notice of you than if you were one of the Family Pictures — and such there are, *Clarissa* — Wretches that you can neither laugh with, nor at.

Clarif. Why then I would laugh with some body else — if he would not make Mirth, faith he should mar none — But now you talk to me about Matrimony, my Dear: Pray who is it that I am going to have at last? Is it my Lord? or Sir John? or the Squire? or the Fop? or the Fool? or — or all of'em toge-

together? — or ne'er a one of 'em? Prithee who is it that I am to make an Ass of?

La. Modely. Nay, Child, if you have so great a choice, I don't wonder you are at a little stand, tho' I question not but you'll follow the Maxim of our Sex, which is to pitch on the Man who is the farthest from being an Ass at present, that you may have the more diversion by making him so afterwards. I take it therefore for granted, that *Claremont* must be the man.

Clarif. Who, *Claremont*? — The farthest from my Thoughts of any Man breathing.

La. Modely. Then I begin to think you are married to him already.

Clarif. [*Aside.*] There she has struck me dumb.

La. Modely. Why you are in Confusion, my Dear, — O' my Life I am a Witch — 'tis certainly so, *Clarissa*; [*Aside.*] tho' Heaven forbid!

Clarif. You may put what Construction you please on my looks, Lady *Modely*, — but I hope I have more discretion than to dispose of my self at that rate — Mr. *Claremont*, ha, ha, ha — married to Mr. *Claremont*, ha, ha, ha; a grave, dull, sententious, moralizing Mortal; I would as soon be married to an old Judge: [*Aside.*] Soh! I am pretty well recover'd.

La. Modely. Why truly, Child, to speak freely, the Choice would have been a little preposterous; his Severity and your Levity would have match'd but awkwardly; — besides, the Man's Temper is not the best in the World; and then 'tis very well known, that as sober as he appears, he is still a Libertine enough in Love, and makes no scruple of addressing one Woman for a Wife, and another for a Mistress at the same time.

Clarif. Nay there, Lady *Modely*, you are a little too severe on him, for I dare be sworn, since the Wretch took it in his Head to pester me, he has never been capable of thinking of any one else.

La. Modely. [*Aside.*] Vain Chit — But she's mistaken.

Clarif.

16 *The MODISH COUPLE.*

Clarif. And therefore, my dear Friend, as you have put me in mind of him, pray, how would you advise me? you say, that he is a Man of Fortune and Honour — his Companions, that he is a Man of Good-nature and Generosity — and I, that he's a good jolly Fellow, if he was not altogether so villainously sober; now shall I have him, or —

La. Modely. O! no, no, by no means, Child; prithee don't think of it.

Clarif. Ay, but I can't help thinking of it, now you have put it in my Head.

La. Modely. The Duce take me for mentioning his Name to her — I assure you once more, Child, that he's false — treacherous — makes Love to other Women — he — he — he's a Devil, and you shall have nothing to do with him — he'll treat you as he does his Opera Books, run you once superficially over, and then fling you aside never to think of you again.

Clarif. [*Aside.*] This is intolerable — but I am justly served for asking Advice, when I was past taking it — Well, Lady *Modely*, and suppose he has out of an excess of Complaisance, been a little Gallant to any body else; d'ye think my Lord *Modely* has never been guilty of a Misdemeanour in that respect, since he has been married to your Ladyship?

La. Modely. Why, is Mr. *Claremont* married to your Ladyship then? — O! my Life, I'm afraid so.

Clarif. Married to me, Madam! no indeed Madam — To my Ladyship — Your Ladyship is very much mistaken — But I say, Madam, does your Ladyship think I say, Madam, that his Lordship has never made his Addresses to any other Woman than your Ladyship? — 'sife, I shall discover my self if I don't take care.

La. Modely. No, *Clarissa*, I have so good an Opinion of my self, that should the whole conspiring World accuse him of a Crime like that, I'd not believe it; nay, I'd swear 'twas false.

Clarif. Vain thing — but she's mistaken. [*Aside.*]

La. Modely. But see, here comes Mr. *Claremont* — Now, Madam — now you shall be convinc'd — you shall

THE MEDICAL DOCTOR

17

What is the most fine thing in, your Day

To me, and to me, I'll wager my Life,

That you are the most fine thing in, your Day

Now, Ladies, your humble Servant

Mr. Clement, your Servant

Mr. Clement, your Servant

[Exit Mr. Clement.] This is a magnificent

How shall I believe?—If I am not

My dear, your *Clarissa* will be in pain, and if

I am not, my dear will be in pain, and if

[Clarissa sits on the Shoulder.] Prudence,

Mr. Clement, think for a minute, why you are as si-

lent as if you was in Company with your Wife—

What are you thinking of now?

Clar. Why I am thinking, Lady *Molly*, that you

are certainly a fine thing in, your Day

Excellent! Why you are in Tip-Top

Condition, as well as Spirit to-day.

How do you like your extreme fine things to you,

Clar. For surely, 'tis impossible for mere nature to

bestow such a beautiful Complexion.

Clar. Hah! I have seen of the

And yet the same may be said of your Eyes,

and every other Feature, which you admit of

being so fine, they are all themselves equally

charming, they would be, all alike, the first I would

choose of Nature.

[To Clarissa.] He certainly makes me

for you, Clarissa—for you know he is incapable of

flattery when on his

Clar. I therefore humbly beg Pardon, Madam, for

being so bold as to think it was in

the Power of Art to heighten any of your Charms—

Clar. I can assure you that no Flattery knows no

bounds, Sir, that I never found you had so true a

C

Clar.

THE MODISH COUPLE 49

How low is Madam, ha, ha, ha — I assure you, my dear, I was never more disposed to laugh, since I came into being, ha, ha, ha — The one of the most pleasant adventures I ever met with in my life, ha, ha, ha — [Aside.] I'll laugh 'till I choke.

Modesty. 'Tis very diverting indeed, my dear, ha, ha, ha. — [Aside.] Now she's wound up to a pitch for a Quinell. I'll give her a fair Opportunity to sing off the strain, and by that means, I shall be able to break with her at once — which, my dear, since I perceive you are in perfect good-humour, I'll leave you a few minutes to entertain Mr. Grinley, while I speak to the Company in the next Walk.

Clary. I fear, Madam, our Entertainment will considerably flag, unless your Ladyship is good enough to revive it by a speedy return.

La. Modesty. O no, Sir, you'll be wonderfully diverted, I dare engage, ha, ha, ha. [Exit Lady Modesty.]

Clary. And so shall I, o' my life, beyond expectation; for here comes one who will condescend pleasantly to traffic with me a little.

Enter Grinley.

O, Mr. Grinley, you are come very critically; for in the highest disposition to be merry, I was like to have been reduced to the necessity of falling asleep.

Grinley. O Gad, Madam, that's impossible, when you had the enlivening Conversation of the sprightly Mr. Grinley.

Clary. Ay, Sir, but the best Company by having too much of it, will soon grow tedious — Sweet Meats quickly cloy you know, and give one a Gout for a plainer Dish.

Grinley. But, that's no great Compliment to me tho'.

Clary. 'Tis impossible, Madam, that your Company should be ever disagreeable, unless you take pains to make it so your self.

Grinley. O, if it would, Sir, I'll not take pains to make it otherwise, I assure you.

20 THE MODISH COUPLE.

Grinly. Look's, Gentry, you seem to have something
brought you, that I can not like to be a Grinly the
wife for — you bow at one another, and I must give
you Ground I'gad — no, no I'faith, if I can't have a
share in the Game, I must beg permission to make
up another Set.

Clarif. Pray, Mr. *Grinly*, stay; why sure you would
not leave us?

Grinly. Hey! ay but I would tho' — why now, Ma-
dame, can you in Conscience desire, that, when there
are so many entertaining Figures in the Park for one
to laugh at, a Man should stand here with his hands
before him, as solemn as a Dawd at a Welch Sermon,
and listen to a Pack of stuff he does not understand?

Clarif. Well, positively you must not stir.

Grinly. Well, positively, I say, Madam, I will keep
an Company, where I am not permitted to make one;
what, to be us'd like a Chair in a Country Dance, or
the Chaplain at a Lord's Table — not I, I'gad —

Clarif. Well, well, you shall have your own way,
I tell you — call up what Topick you please, and
I'll dance it down with you.

Clarif. [*Aside.*] What Pollicy does the poor Girl's
Passion hurry her into, to be so familiar with a Cox-
comb, whom at another time she'd scorn to throw
away a Moment on — but 'tis impossible for me to
set her right at present.

Clarif. But see, here comes one very opportunely for
you to exercise your Talent on.

Grinly. Oh! the polite Sir *Lubbarly Block* — 'Gad
I am glad he is here — we'll *Rig* him I'faith.

Enter Sir Lubbarly Block.

Sir Lubbarly Block. your most obedient, and most ob-
sequious Slave, and humble Servant.

Sir Lab. Sir, I am neither your Slave, nor most
obsequious, Sir, nor can I stoop so low, Sir, to shake
Hands with you.

Grinly. My dear *Lab*, don't be crabbed, for I am
joind to set thee upon my Soul — not stoop so low, Ma-
— you have only a mind to be complimented now —

who can have as much agility as the nimblest and youngest of us all—why you are a young Man your self yet, Sir *Latterly*, is he not Madam?

Clarissa. Why, yes truly, I think he grows more youthful every day.

Grizby. Yes, yes, a very hopeful Blossom indeed.

Sir Lab. Ay, ay, you may fancy, Popping—come forthis, *Clarissa*, don't keep Company with such a frothy-pated Pig—nothing but a gilded Outside—a mere piece of puff paste le'd o' the Pop—you'll find Ward, that I have more of the young Man about me, tho' not so much of the Child.

Grizby. Oh! a marvellous, valiant Youth, Madam—pushes, Knight, who kept the best running Horses in King *Charles* the Second's Time?

Sir Lab. Hey? Nay, Sir, if you can talk about running Horses, I may have something to say to you—I will bet you five hundred Pounds now, that my Mare *Dainty*, shall carry me to *London* and back again, while your Spindle-shanks are conveying you a Hear of a Mile—what say you to that now?

Grizby. Why I say, Sir, that you and your Mare are such extraordinary Cattle, that 'tis a pity in my opinion, you should be ever asunder.

Sir Lab. Hark'e, Sir, you had best take care that you don't abuse my Mare—I'll suffer you to say what you please of me, but I'll stand up for *Dainty* to the last Drop of Blood in my Body.

Grizby. Lord, Sir, I meant no Abuse, upon my Honour, I only thought an Ass and Horse were fittest Company for one another.

Sir Lab. Horse, Sir—yes, Sir, I have a Horse too, the best born, and best bred of any Horse in *England*—*Leopold* was his Father, and *Tickle-me-quickly* his Mother, he is lineally descended from *Vilburt* the Great, who won ten Kings' Plates in one Year, and is a Cousin German of the ever memorable *Duke*—his Name, Sir, is *Scamper*; I have a whole Side-board of Plate of his winning—Come *Clarissa*, you must go with me and look upon *Scamper*.

THE BANDS OF DUBLIN

believe I drain me Judge, Sir *Lubardly*, of *Blasphemy* out of their *Whore* I should be well enough pleased to have a handsome Set in a Coach or Sedan. — *My* *Lab*. A *Mum* take all your *Catch-Horses* I say — huge, unweildy, thick-shoulder'd, four-footed Elephants, fit for nothing but to drag about big-bellied Women, or crazy Beaux, who would be apt to fall in pieces with a little more speed.

Grinly. Right, Sir *Lubardly* — your slender Fleet-Horse for me, your Dainty-Coffers that will skim you over a Meadow, and leave no more Track than a Fairy behind 'em.

Sir. Ay, ay, ay — and *Labud*, Sir, let me tell you, that, my Horse will do — and more extraordinary things too, I assure you — *Odds* me, Sir, you seem to have more Sense than I thought you had, you have some understanding in *Whore* I find. Come, Sir, you must go with me and see my Mare, and *Scamper* too, I faith you must, and I'll make you drunk up half my last won Plate — *Scamper's* Health, adod, and not forgetting the Mare.

Clarif. Will you forget your sisters, hey Guardian — But Mr. *Grinley* never gets drunk, Sir *Lubardly*, he's too much a Lady's-Man to drink filthy strong Liquors, —

Sir. *Lab*. *Sbud*, *Clarissa*, don't abuse the Gentleman neither; nor get drunk, nor drink filthy strong Liquors — I gad he is no Man for the Ladies then, I'm sure — If he keeps Company with the Women, he won't refuse his Bumper, I warrant for him.

Grinly. Ay, ay, we know what 'tis to keep Company with Women, my little *Labby*.

Sir. *Lab*. Yes, in good troth do we; and therefore,

Clarissa; you shall go and take a Glass with us — *Odds* *Fluffy*, if you will but be govern'd by me, you shall have a Set of the finest *Hangers* in *England* to run in your Chariot, you shall — But, must for that; another opportunity for that — hey, *Fluffy*.

Clarif. [*Aside*]. *Nation's* Monsters — but I must bear with him a little — O *fy*, *Guards*, you have only

ming

mind so prepossessing of Countenance, so I'll get out of your way, and I wish you and your Harlot merry together. *[Exit.]*

Clarissa. How! what is the first from that side, Knight? — *God!* I'll have a flirt at her, and give her a turn I warrant you.

Sir. No, no, she has discomfited us this hour — a nimble Tit, and a strong one: I'll warrant her — she'd carry twelve Sticks with pleasure. I'll warrant — But Wine and Women must take their Turn; I know for the Bottle. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to another Walk.

Enter Clarissa, follow'd by Claremont.

Clar. Indeed, Mr. Claremont, 'tis in vain to say any thing — your very Endeavour to excuse your self is inexcusable — I am not such a credulous Fool as you conceive, Sir.

Clare. Nay, Child, hear me, but tell me my Story, and then —

Clariss. I shan't believe a single Syllable of it.

Clare. My Dear *Clarissa*, have but a little Patience, and —

Clar. And you'll do me the Favour to impose on me again — Patience — why 'tis beyond all Sufferance — to marry a Man out of pure Affection, contrary to the Advice and Inclination of all my Friends, and to consent to the Concealment of it, only to promote his Interest the better; and for this Man within a bare Month to make impudent Love to a married Woman before my Face — Insupportable.

Clare. I must acknowledge, my Dear, Appearances are strongly against us, but they are only Appearances,

Clarissa — there's no real harm done, or intended, as you'll soon be convinc'd, if you will but hear me.

Clariss. No, no, Sir, I'm not so soon to be convinc'd; however, I'll hear what you have to say — but I am resolv'd not to believe it.

THE HODDISH COUPLE

Clarif. You know then that my Lord's Affairs are in such a state that I have a very great deal to do.

Clarif. ——— My Lady *Modely* you mean, Sir.

Clarif. Hush ——— 'tis in vain indeed, I feel ——— that is, Madam, your humble Servant ——— I must wait a proper time.

Clarif. Nay, but you shall go on, Sir, for I shall be forced to hear it out.

Clarif. Well then as I was telling you, my Lord's Affairs, being my particular Friend, I am sensibly concern'd for the Unhappiness of his Conduct, in the fashionable manner in which he and my Lady live with one another, will, I doubt, if persisted in, be their mutual Ruin. Now as the Cause of this is not any strong Passion to Prejudice, or real Aversion to one another, but a wild Affection only of being fashionably vicious; I am persuaded, if they could but once be made sensible of the ugly Consequences which such a way of acting may be attended with, they would in the polite Phrase — be guilty of a Reformation.

Clarif. Mightily well; and what's to be done pray to convince him of these terrible Consequences?

Clarif. Why, what I have in part begun to do already, Child, and which was the Cause of your Unhappiness, a seeming Plot against my Lady's Virtue, and that you may be sure it is only seeming, you must join in the Affair, and lay a Plot for my Lord at the same time. You have told me, that in his free Way, he has been tampering with you already; for the future appear not displeas'd with his Address, and when he catches at the Bait, I'll give you Directions how to manage him.

Clarif. But heark'e, Sir, we are very busy here in plotting for the sake of other People, and neglect our own Affairs in the mean time.

Clarif. The getting your Portion, you mean, out of the Hands of your good Gentleman, Sir *Lubberly*.

Clarif. The same ——— that we might own our Marriage, and shew the World we are not yet ashamed of one another.

Clarif.

Clarif. But that would I am doubly vigorous in the Protection of the present Attempt, because I have observ'd that it will do our Business at the same time with the Liberty.

Clarif. Nay, then 'tis a Master-plot, indeed.

Clar. But see, here comes my Lord— I'll leave you that you may have an Opportunity to practise a little.

Clarif. O God, Mr. Clarendon, I am frighten'd at the Thoughts of it— Keep within Call I charge you— Well, but you are the first Husband that ever told a Wife in the way of such a Temptation— if any mischief should come of it, you may thank your self— 'Tis not my seeking, Heaven knows.

Clar. No, then, I'll acquit you of— So I will you Success.

[Exit Clarendon.]

[Clarif. sits down in a green Bank, and sings as she is singing Lord Modely, who is coming towards her.]

Enter Lord Modely.

L. Modely. This is a little inhuman of you methinks, Clarissa, to deprive your Fellow-Creatures of so much Happiness, only to chafe the tasteless Savages.

Clarif. This is a little uncommon in you methinks, Lord Modely, to stray rambling here amongst Shrubs and Thistles, whilst your Companions are driving Cars away with the Glass, or Quadrille— Pray, what was you so serious on?

L. Modely. I was thinking of Heaven, Madam.

Clarif. I cry you mercy, Sir— what good Luck brought that rare Thought into your Head?

L. Modely. Not so rare as you conceive, Madam— I think of it every time I have the Pleasure of seeing Clarissa.

Clarif. I am sorry, Sir, I should be the Occasion of so much Uneasiness, as that must prove, to you.

L. Modely. Why faith, Madam, I must confess it gives me no small Disquiet— To have one's Soul plac'd on a Happiness it despairs ever to obtain, is but a hellish sort of Life.

Clarif.

[illegible]

L. Mary. Which I propose to go then with all
Charles Fortinco; and then kiss the Hand that mi-

Christ Mighty well.—In the first place then let us know what this wondrous happiness is that you are so desirous of enjoying—and then—what Crime you are guilty of, that you despair of enjoying it?

L. Mabel. My Case is this then — It has been my good, or bad Fortune (I know not which to call it till you determine) to have been in Company with such a Woman or to acquire a Creature — so fair, and yet so wife, so gay, and yet so modest, so young, but so discreet, so so, so — In short, so divinely beautiful, and so deplorably virtuous, that she has caught my very Soul — And all my Sum of future Happiness is solely plac'd in her — but then my Crime

is folcely plac'd in her — but then my *Clarissa* is not so great as you imagine. *Clarissa* is unpar-

—*Alb.* Oh! flatter me not, *Clara*, it is
donable—Repentance cannot reach it, 'tis some monstrous Thing you have

Clarif. Sure, 'tis some monstrous Thing you have committed—

L. Madely. Monstrous, indeed, I have committed -
Matrimony - why instead of being

Clarif. Matrimony! the old why, instead of being
any Obstruction, it is the very thing that will secure

Clariss. Marriomony! that all the way, and
any Obstruction, tis the very thing that will secure
your Happines.

L. Modely. How! and does *Clarissa* think so?

Clarification

Clar. I am indeed — for as such — a wife, modest,
 simple, sincere — I could not possibly suspect you
 with any Passion but what was pure, abstracted, and
 placid — you in thought I thought I saw W. *Clar.*

L. Modely. O! perfectly pure — but W. approach and
 gaze upon her thus — thus — to devote her Fin-
 ger-Tops — as most — to break upon her pearly Neck-
 lace — or, now, and then, perhaps, to feel a — *Clar.*

Clar. Hold, hold, hold — for Heaven's sake let me
 be grac'd for here's somebody changing — *Clar.* O! *Clar.*

L. Modely. Sob — I'm quite out of Rapture — This
 was a perfect Rapture — Admiration, however, and she was
 within an Age of — *Clar.* by — *Clar.* Storm
 more — and she'll open the Gates to — O! it will
 be delicious Plunder. *Clar.* I should have — *Clar.*

Clar. In Rapture, my Lord? why, what the Deuce
 is the meaning of this wondrous Ecstasy?

L. Modely. O! meaning abundant, Ned — all thou
 canst form of lovely and delightful — Where'er thy
 Fancy can conceive — *Clar.* Beyond what
 Tongue can speak, or Pencil paint — In short, I am
 the most consummate happy Rascal, Ned.

Clar. Ay, ay, but how — which way — in what?

L. Modely. In what — O! why — why, in a good
 Fancy, my Friend — I am writing a Comedy, you must
 know, and was just finishing the principal Scene, when
 you unluckily came upon me, and stop't my Vein.

Clar. O! Sir, you have a very fruitful Vein of
 your own. I thought I had — *Clar.*

L. Modely. That winning Grace in her Behaviour —
 that engaging Sweetness in her Temper — that resistless
 Wit and Spirit — That something more than Numbers
 can describe, or Fancy image. *Clar.* I should have — *Clar.*

Clar. By day! why your poetick Tide runs won-
 drous high — This is the fine Lady of your Comedy,
 I suppose, — *Clar.* I should have — *Clar.*

L. Modely.

THE WIDOW'S VOICE

Al. What, Yea, faith — But I think, that you must not think any more of this, for you want do for thee, upon my Soul.

Clara. What threw that Thought in your way?
Al. Why, I'm always getting for thy good.
Al. How? — So I perceive.

Al. And therefore I charge thee not to think of marrying her — I charge thee, thoughtless, thoughtless — She'll make a down'd Wife, depend on't, my dear — I charge thee, thoughtless, thoughtless —

Clara. O! my Lord, you need not take so much pains to frighten me — I think as little of her as you do, I assure you.

Al. Don't you, faith — Why then I'll give thee a Bank of the best Burgundy in London — And with it the Crown Jewels and the very — successful Love, and boundless Liberty.

We then best know to please the amorous Dame, When the full Glass adds Vigour to the Flame.

I'll be a witness to this [Exeunt]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Lubbardly Block, Grinly and Chip, discover'd at a Table drinking.

Sir Lab. H Oity, toity, Chip — Do'st let the Glass stand? I thought, I had giv'n thee a better Education.

Chip. Ay, so you have, Father, indeed — No, no, I shall not let the Glass stand — Beware of that — I'm only hatching a Toast.

Sir Lab. Thou art a long while brooding over it — Come crack the Shell, and bring it forth —

Chip. Why, I'm in a sort of a Quandary, whether it shall be the short-nos'd Spaniel, or the silver-tongued Hound.

Sir

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Grinby. Sirrah, I'll have none of your Keene's Compensations; if you'll wait a bit a one of my *Stag*, you shall have your Choice.

Gen. Nay, my, look'e Father, every one to his Mind, as they say—Liberty of Conscience, I must beg—*I'd as lief be a Fox when he is half run down, as my Term when I had half fix'd on one.*—and here is—*here is—*

Sir Leb. Zounds, Sir, there is not—*and unless you'll consent to run on my Terms—you shall not run at all.*—Don't you know your *Dearest-Poss*, you un-derstand Rascal—Sirrah, I have a great mind you should never get drunk with your Father again.

Grinby. A pox on your Horles and Hands—I shall be choak'd here while you are disputing about a Bay Mare, and Brindled Bitch—Give me the Bottle, that I may drink an honest Whore.

Sir Leb. Ay, come a Whore with all my Heart—*Chip won't boggle at that neither, I'll warrant him—*

Chip. No, I cod, I'd as soon boggle at a five Bar Gate—*And for a Wench for ever, I say.*

Grinby. Agreed then, who shall we have?

Sir Leb. Why, my little Pony *Clarissa*—*What say you to her now?*

Grinby. Why, I say, I'll have a Wench.

Sir Leb. Why, she is a Wench—*or at least it is to be one; for I intend to have her my self.*

Chip. And, I intend to marry her—*and that's the same thing.*

Grinby. Yes, faith—*She must be a Wench indeed, that will be married to thee.*

Chip. Ay, ay, I've almost run her down, I can tell you—and a fine Pull it is too—I cod, I shall make her squeak for her Life in a Double or two more.

Grinby. Faith, my young Jowler, you are confoundedly out—and so are you too, old Yorkshire Grey—for *Clarissa* is my Mistress—*hear that, and tremble—I have had her already.*

Sir Leb. I and Father shall have a thorough Christian

longer. How, Sir, can you give the Character of my Ward — *Chip*, dear Warden, you might as well have said, that the best Name in my Stable is what's broken. Sir, you endeavour to spoil the Girl's Name, and I shall give her an Account, how free you make with her Character.

Grinly. [Aside.] With all my Soul, I shall by that means the sooner make free with her Person; the first Step towards getting a Woman, is to make her believe, that the World thinks, one has got her already — But come, Knight, Announce apart, here's *Clo* — *Viva* in a bumper — Gao, this Wine or Rum has a stinging Body.

Sir Lab. It has a stinging Spirit, if you please, Sir, but the Body is weak.

Grinly. Which you will, Knight — Body or Spirit, 'tis all one.

Sir Lab. How, Sir, Body and Spirit all one — Don't you believe in Spirits then? are you an Infidel then, Sir?

Grinly. No, Sir — I am a Free-thinker.

Chip. Hey! a Free-thinker! what's that, Father?

Sir Lab. Um; I can't tell, Child — unless 'tis getting drunk, and so being free from thinking at all.

Chip. Nay, an that be, all — Free-thinking is the best Religion one can be of.

Grinly. No, Sir — To be a Free-thinker, is to be of no Religion at all — 'tis to laugh at your rumpsey Stories of Witches, Hobgoblins, Fairies, Ghosts, the Devil, and all. 'Tis to drink, wench, game, break windows, assassinate new Plays, and murder Watchmen — In short, Sir, to be a Free-thinker, is to do whatever one pleases.

Sir Lab. Why, Sir, we do what we please as well as you — and yet we believe we shall be damn'd — And therefore, I say, Sir, if you don't believe in the Devil, you are a downright Atheist.

Chip. I find Father is half seas over by his disputing about Religion — he's never a thorough Christian till he's

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half pottle high drink. Come, let me see religious
 Conscience, and the sin of drinking, that's my Pa-
 sion. — Right, Boys, and 'tis my Practice —
 give thy mind to Feasting. — [After a full Glass] dear Chip, don't
 be afraid, No, don't you need not fear it, Knight —
 This hopeful Youth will never hurt himself with any
 Drinking will all — he'll not disgrace his Father so
 much.

Sir Lark. I hope not — no, no, he's a true bred
 one, I dare believe.

Chip. Ay, ay, I am Father's own Son for that mat-
 ter — a Whelp of the old Hound.

Sir Lark. Now, Sirrah, you son of a Whore? Do
 you call your Father a Hound? — There's a Dog
 for you.

Chip. Very well, and what's the Father of a Dog
 then, hey?

Sir Lark. Sirrah, Sirrah, you are a headstrong Colt,
 you want to be better broke, you do, Rascal —
 I shall curb you a little tighter for the future, I promise
 you — O Mr. Grinly, Mr. Grinly, it grieves me to say so,
 but this Chip here has not half the discretion of his
 Father — he's so furiously wicked, that 'tis impossible
 to should hold it, that's my concern — he must needs
 be blow up before he has scarce run a Heat, that trouble
 me of late.

Grinly. 'Tis a Cause of much Grief I must confess.

Sir Lark. Ah! if he did but mind his Father, he
 would be lewd with more consideration — Why
 now I hold it out you see — Budakins, I can deal
 with a Bottle or a Wench as well as I could forty
 Years ago — Ay, ay, fair and softly, says the wayfaring
 Proverb. But the young Fellows of this Age are as
 prodigal of their Strength, as they are of their Estates;
 they generally destroy both before they're of Age to
 enjoy 'em, and are in a Goal, or in Hospital, by the time
 they are able to make a Jointure, or sign a Convey-
 nance.

Chip.

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Chip. Well, well, Tackler, come put yourself to the test, I am plaguy a stick with this time-drawing — Mr. Grinby, here's to you with all my Heart — Give me thy Hand, Boy — I wish you'd come and see me now I live in the Country — I shall be glad to leap a Ditch with you in *April*, I assure you, Sir.

Grinby. [*Aside.*] How familiar and fond this *Chip* is. And for that matter, I shan't stay asking to make you a Visit in Town too.

Chip. [*Aside.*] No; if you did, you might stay till Dooms-day.

Grinby. I like your Way of living at *London*, hugely — your Masquerades — and Playhouses — and Taverns — and Churches — and Whores — the Devil to do — Good, 'tis a precious Life you lead — But see, *Fred* is dozing.

Sir Lub. [*Aside.*] You lye, Sir, I say, he run out of the Course, and I demand the Stakes.

Grinby. An industrious Gentleman, this — He follows his Vocation sleeping as well as waking.

Chip. I'cod we'll fasten on this Opportunity to get rid o' the old Pat — Here, *Harry* — Take away, the other, and lay 'em in the Hay-Loft — The Smell of the Stable will bring him to himself again.

[*Sir Lubberly Block is carried off*]
And now that I have got a full Maw, and a light Head, I'm in a good Condition to make love.

And so hey for *Clarissa* —

Grinby. But not so fast, Sir — you must take me along with you.

Chip. With all my Heart, I'cod — Ay, ay, I'm for fair sporting — I'm for no poaching for my part — Let us even friendly start together — and which ever jumps last up first, be the that Dog's Meat.

Grinby. A Match, my young Squire, and *Mary's* name to it.

Chip. Have no tier then, add — We are a Couple of smart Puppies; I swear are we, and we'll stick to her Scur, I'll warrant, Brother *Ringwood*.

[*Exeunt*]
SCENE

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SCENE changes to the Walks.

Enter Lady Modely.

Well, what am I to conclude now — do I really like this *Claremont*, and does he like me too? Why, nay, my not caring to think of any Body but him, and his not caring to talk to any Body but me, are strong Signs we don't hate one another — Ay, but then I have a Husband; and I must love him, and no other Man — That's true, but then my Husband ought to love me too, and shew himself a Man. Well, but all I am convinc'd he loves somebody else, I'll avoid any more Temptations from *Claremont*, and fly from him wherever I meet him — But see, here he comes, and I'm so frighten'd at the Sight of him, that I'm not able to move a Step from the Place.

Enter *Claremont*.

Clare. I am afraid, Madam, I have committed an unpardonable Crime by this unseasonable Interruption of your Meditation.

La. Modely. 'Tis to your self, you are accountable then, Sir.

Clare. If I cou'd be so vain as to think you did not leave me, Madam, I shou'd be at a loss to know, whether I were most happy when absent; or now.

La. Modely. O! Sir, you are too good a Casuist in Gallantry not to know, that a Woman can't prevent your being in her Company sometimes; but that 'tis her own fault, if she thinks of you when you are absent.

Clare. I acknowledge it, Madam — But mayn't I sometime to ask what was the happy Cause of my being so favour'd?

La. Modely. Why, I was thinking, Sir, that what you said of Matrimony, Yesterday, was extremely just — That 'tis a meer Lottery, where there are twenty blanks to a Prize —

Clare. A Thousand, a Thousand, Madam.

La. Modely. With all my Heart — That it is stake the whole Power of one's Fortune, and Pleasure

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of

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of one's Life at a Throw, without any Prospect of being a bare Seaver; and that, for these and several other Reasons, 'tis the maddest Game one can play.

Clare. True, Madam — especially if one has not a very good Partner. — 'Tis a Pay therefore, Lady *Modely*, but that you had examin'd the Chances thus nicely, before you had ventur'd at it.

La. Modely. Would to Heav'n I had, for I'm sure, I am come off with such a meer Blank, that I thou'd not know I were married at all, if there was not a Cassare, who on that Presumption thinks himself exempted from either saying, or doing a civil Thing to me.

Clare. Which I must beg leave to say, Madam, is in a great measure your own Fault.

La. Modely. How so, Sir?

Clare. Why, by not making him sensible of your Value.

La. Modely. Which way, pray?

Clare. By the fear of losing you.

La. Modely. O! you wou'd persuade me then to counterfeit an Intrigue, and so kindle his Love, by lighting up his Jealousy.

Clare. But why wou'd not a real Intrigue do better?

La. Modely. O! fy, one's Virtue would not tolerate that.

Clare. Why, not? since the Intention, you know, is truly virtuous.

La. Modely. Ay, but the matrimonial Vow, *Madame* *Claremont*.

Clare. True, Lady *Modely* — but that mortifying Vow being broke already on his Part, you are of Course absolv'd from yours.

La. Modely. Were I once satisfied that he had broke it, I know not what I thou'd do; but I have still Charity enough to believe he has been true to me in that respect, and that his Indifference arises more from the natural Coldness of his Disposition, than from any Engagements elien here.

Clare

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Clare. But suppose I should prove to you that he actually is perjur'd, and at this very time most profanely doing Sacrifice to a strange Idol——What would you say then, Madam?

La. Modely. Why then——why then——He's a prodigal Brute, to be so extravagant abroad, when he is over Head and Ears in Debt at Home, [*Aside.*] and if that be his way, by Vengeance, I'll be ev'n with him, and get somebody else to pay off his Score——But come let us shift our Walk, for here's Company breaking in upon us——[*Aside.*] O! I'll make his Head suffer, for the Transgression of his Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clarissa, Grinly, and Chip.

Clarif. The Duce had you both for me——No Wretch sure was ever worried by a Beau and a Bear-Cub as I am.

Grinly. O! there's no Danger—a Beau you know, Madam, is a very harmless Creature, and will commit no Violence, and as to the Bear, 'tis but lying flat on your Face, and then 'twill do you no Mischief.

Clarif. Good dear Gentlemen, a Truce with your rattling—I am quite flun'd with such incessant Changes of Foppery and Nonsense—O my Conscience, I believe you were employ'd by some Projector, to try an Experiment on the Drum of my Ear.

Grinly. Nay, nay, faith, Madam, 'tis in vain to capitulate; for positively, you must decide the Contest.

Chip. Ay, ay, you may take to Earth an' you will; but I' cod, we shall ferret you out again soon——

Grinly. Why, look'e Madam, 'tis no such difficult Task—you have nothing to do but to declare in favour of him that has the superior Merit.

Chip. Ay——that's me.

Grinly. Yes, she would pitch on a curious Companion in thee, truly——an uncultivated Rustick that would leave her all Day to follow his Dogs——get hummingly drunk with October at Night——tumble across the Bed with his Boots and Spurs on, whilst

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she had the Comfort of watching him 'till next Morning, for fear he should be choak'd in his Sleep.

Chip. But then, Madam, you know what you are to expect from a Fop — nothing but silent Boards and separate Beds — He'd entertain himself with your Looking-glass all Day, and lie with your Maid at Night — your Estate would be mortgaged in half a Year to some Gaming-house Sharper, and your Family extinct in half a Century with the Gout and King's Evil.

Clarif. There you are even with him, Squire.

Chip. So I think too, I' cod — Look'e, Madam, you must not despise Fox-hunters — We are tough, hale, hardy Fellows, we are not afraid of thin Shoes, damp Stockings, or Easterly Winds.

Grinly. Brutes, Brutes — meer Savages.

Chip. 'Sbud, if we had but that Ginger-bread Spark amongst us, we should shake him to pieces in a couple of Mornings.

Grinly. Not so fast, my dear Man Tiger, for let me tell you, we young Fellows of the Town are grown devilish hardy of late — you might have seen us all the last Winter continually scouring about the Park, as bare and as nimble as so many Bucks — with silk Coats, no Wastecoats, white Stockings, our Hair cock'd under a Comb, and oaken Poles in our Hands as big as a Parish-Beadle's.

Clarif. Yes, and have often thought, that the Clubs were very significant Emblems of those that carried 'em.

Grinly. How so, my Dear?

Clarif. Why, they had equally wither'd Carcasses, and heavy Heads.

Grinly. P'shaw, Malice, Malice —

Chip. Besides, those very same fierce Blades, you might have found five Minutes after, hovering round a Fire, and drinking hot Punch to drive out the Cold.

Grinly. Pooh, pooh, this is all rank Defamation.

Clarif.

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Clarif. However, Gentlemen, to end the Dispute, I shall now decide upon your several Pretensions — And first, then for you, Sir, [*To Grinly.*] Pray, what have I to do with your Love? I thought, you had solemnly swore against Wedlock.

Grinly. Why, who talks of Wedlock, my Dear — I tell you, Child, I don't intend to marry you — I love thee, I say — no, no, Marriage is a Lottery with too many Blanks to a Prize in it, for me; I may perhaps venture to ride a Horse for a Day or two; but the Devil shan't draw me in for a whole Ticket. There's a *Barbadian* Widow just arriv'd here, I'm told, with forty thousand Guineas in her Pocket — Now she indeed, if she puts in for a Husband, stands a very good Chance of drawing me for a Prize, you know.

Clarif. Extremely good, Sir, and so you have only an innocent sort of a Design upon my Virtue.

Grinly. Not I, faith, Child, I don't want to have any thing to say to thy Virtue.

Clarif. Do you know what Virtue is, Sir?

Grinly. Yes, Madam — to be virtuous, is to be wisely wicked, and let no body know it — 'Tis to wench in the dark, and say one's Prayers in broad Day-light — to cheat in a Corner, and to be charitable at a Church Door — to get drunk over Night, and put up Prayers for your being cursed sick the next Morning — In short, Child, to be secret in Vice, is all the Virtue in Fashion.

Clarif. And yet that is more than you seem to have arriv'd at; for such Libertines as you are often vicious beyond your Inclinations, only for the Reputation of outdoing one another, and are such very *Enthusiasts* in Iniquity, that you make Confession of Sins which you were never guilty of.

Grinly. Ay, but that's to please the Ladies.

Clarif. The Ladies are very much indebted to you, Sir.

Grinly. And shall be more so with your Permission, Madam, for I am very careful of Reputations, as you'll find, my Dear.

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Clarif. The Man's bewitch'd, sure — Why, the Fume of the Wine is not yet got out of your Head, Sir.

Grinly. But Love's got in, Child, and that's as good as a Pot of Coffee — for one Poison generally drives out another.

Clarif. Careful of my Reputation! stay 'till I put it in your Protection. [*Aside.*] 'Slife I cou'd tear the Foo's Eyes out.

Chip. Well said, Madam — Pray, Sir, what have you to do with this Lady's Reputation, when here stands one who is to be her Guardian for Life.

Clarif. What Behaviour of mine, Sir, has given you Grounds for this Insolence? or suppose I was as bad as your lewd Thoughts conceive of me, what Temptation can you find in your self that I shou'd pitch upon you?

Chip. Good again, I' cod — what Temptation indeed, ha! ha!

Grinly. Ah!

Clarif. Did you depend entirely on your matchless unfurmountable Impudence? or was it the Comeliness of your *Selitare*, or Glitter of your Trimming, that you thought must subdue me? Why, I'd as soon choose a *Maccaw* for a Lover; for like that, you have abundance of fine Feathers, and nothing in the middle of 'em.

Chip. Lud, how she mawls him, ha! ha!

Clarif. But hold, I cry you Mercy, Sir, I had forgot, you are a Wit too; ay, 'twas that was to do it — those second-hand Jests that you have pick'd up in Coffee-houses, that Waterman's Satyr which you bestow so freely on all People alike, and that Inns & Court Sneer, which you play off against all who have either Modesty or Merit — This was an irresistible Artillery you imagin'd.

Grinly. Um — what the Devil ails me — I han't a Syllable to say for my self — I never knew my Impudence forsake me in this manner before — I see she's in a cursed Humour, so I'll ev'n sack off, that she may souce it all upon him.

[*Exit.*
Chip.

Chip. Hoh, hoh, hoh! By the Lord Harry—he's ev'n broken-hearted I see already—*Halloo! Hark forward!* at him t'other Brush, Honey, and I'll be in at the death of 'em.

Clarif. Why dost thou hope for any Countenance then, thou unlick'd Lout? How dar'st thou to make Love to me with that moth-eat'n Face of thine?—Marry thee! no, if there was no other Male Creature in being, and thou were to be my *Hesper's Choice*, I'd sooner die a Maid, and lead Apes in another World, than be lead by such a Baboon as thou art in this.

Chip. Mighty well, Mistress, mighty well, I shall give Father an Account of this Behaviour.

Clar. Ay, prithee get to thy Father, for you are only fit for one another.

Chip. Here he comes, now see what he'll say.

Enter Sir Lubbardly Block.

Sir Lub. Hoity, toity; what Hurry-come-bustle is here?—In the Name of the Prince of the Air, what's the meaning of this Hurricane!

Clarif. [*Pretending to cry.*] Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Sir Lub. What's the matter, my little Chestnut? Who has hurt thee, hey?

Clarif. Oh! oh! That ungrateful Wretch, in return to all my Kindness, has abus'd me in such a manner.

Chip. Ah! The Devil take your kindness I say—I hope you'll bestow no more of it on me.

Sir Lub. Sirrah, you are a Puppy—and what has he done to you, hey my pretty Goldfinch?—you are a Dog—has he abus'd thee, and kiss'd thee, and couz'd thee—And—Sirrah, you are a Son of a Whore.

Chip. Kiss her?—I'cod I'd as soon kiss an Adder. She has a Tongue like a Rattle-Snake, that would sting one to death at half a Yard's distance.

Clarif. Oh! no, no, no, if he had been civil to me in that way, I should have been happy indeed—But 'twas quite the contrary, alas! that is my Misery.

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Sir Lub. How! how! You shall be hang'd for this
Prithce let's hear it — you shall suffer Club Law.

Chip. I have suffer'd sufficiently already.

Clarif. Why, knowing, Sir, that you had design'd
the for that Youth there, I have always endeavour'd
to behave my self particularly handsom to him, and
hoping to meet him alone in this Place, I am afraid
I was hurried a little too far by my Love, and us'd
a few ungarded Expressions of tenderness. Upon
which he flew into a desperate Passion, call'd me a
thousand hard-hearted Names, and swore that he'd ra-
ther marry his Father's Dairy-Maid than me.

Chip. Oh Lud! O Lud! O Lud — I tell you, Fa-
ther, I only offer'd to mention the word Love to her,
and she straight fell upon me in such a merciless man-
ner, and call'd me more Names than I can repeat in
an Hour.

Sir Lub. Hold your peace, Monster.

Clarif. Upon which cruel Treatment of me, I be-
gan to shed Tears — he then vow'd, that unless I
wou'd promise to keep Secret what had pass'd, and
for the future absolutely refuse to have him, he would
that Moment be the death of me.

Chip. So, so, so — the Devil himself could not have
made out such a Lye.

Sir Lub. Give me the Whip — I'll lye you, Scoun-
drel, I will.

Clarif. Sob, now I have rais'd the Storm, I'll get
out of it as soon as I can. [Exit Clarissa.

Sir Lub. I'll teach you, Sirrah, to abuse a Lady be-
cause she's my Choice — here you Dog, here, here.

[Beats him off the Stage.

Chip. 'Sbobs, was ever poor Whelp so abus'd as I
am? — But I shall be even with you, Madam.

Sir Lub. Get out of my Sight, you Villain, go —
he gone. [Exit Chip.] Now has this Rascal in half an
Hour spoil'd all I have been labouring at this half
Year. — In the first place, the Match being broke off
on his side, I shall not be so well able to hinder her
from Coupling else where, and then her Fortune must

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go out of my Hands, which I am sure would go to my Heart. And what is still worse, I shall lose all my hopes of ever enjoying the pretty Rogue, which by marrying her to him, I should have secured — For tho' she is so shy now, yet if she was once fixt in the House, I should have so many Opportunities, that — I could knock the Dog's Brains out — Odd's my Heart, I'll after him, and bring him to patch up this Business immediately, or I'll pound him to Powder.

[Exit Sir Lubbardly.]

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Enter Clarissa, and Lady Modely.

La. Modely. HA, ha, ha, sure two Fools were never better serv'd.

Clarif. I believe I have quite got rid of my Squire.

La. Modely. But you must not expect to be so cheaply deliver'd from your other Gallant — He has that finish'd Assurance, that he will construe your Contempt into Love, and call your particular Rudeness, a Mark only of your particular Fondness for him.

Clarif. Oh his Impudence is matchless — He told me without any Scruple, that he did not design to marry me; that he had heard, truly, of a rich *West-Indian* come here, whom he intended for his Wife; but that if I thought proper of his Terms, he might do me the favour to throw away his idle hours upon me.

La. Modely. Insupportable Coxcomb — What Recompense can you invent proportionable to his Deserts.

Clar. You must help me, my Dear, to coin some uncommon piece of Revenge.

La. Modely. Let us think — Prithee who is this *West-Indian* he talks of?

Clarif. I don't know; somebody lately come here.

La.

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La. Modely. Has he seen her, can you tell?

Clarif. I believe not.

La. Modely. And pray, is not your Maid that you have lately taken of that Country?

Clarif. Just come from thence.

La. Modely. Very well. And has he ever seen her Face, do you know?

Clarif. Never.

La. Modely. Is it a thing impossible think you, to bamboozle this Sharper in Gallantry, and palm a Spade on him instead of a Diamond?

Clarif. Why, Troth, I think 'tis worth attempting.

La. Modely. Courage! *ma Fille* — I'll bet of your side — Go immediately and provide *Lucy* handsom Lodgings, garnish her out in your Clothes and Jewels, and let 'em meet this Evening at our Apartment.

Clarif. And how then?

La. Modely. Why then we must take care that they have an Opportunity of being by themselves — And I'm much mistak'n if he won't be forward enough to make her some Overtures, which it will not be her Business to discourage.

Clarif. My Dear Lady *Modely*, how shall I thank you for this Contrivance — It must, it shall succeed — The Bait will look so fair, 'tis impossible but he must catch at it — And then to see him flounce and sting with the Hook in his Chaps without being able to get rid of it, will be delightfully transporting.

La. Modely. Ha, ha, ha, 'twill be Mirth inexpressible — But here comes my Lord [*Aside.*] — And the Sight of my Husband makes me think of my Gallantry, for I expect *Claremont* about this time — Well, my Dear, I wish thee good Success in the Project, you must pardon me at present, for I have a Letter to write, but will make all the Dispatch possible, that I may be ready to assist you. [*Exit Lady Modely.*]

Clarif. Your Servant, my Dear.

Enter

Enter Lord Modely.

L. Modely. My Dear *Clarissa*, this is an unexpected Blessing to meet you alone — I thought I had seen my Wife this way.

Clarif. She has just left me, my Lord.

L. Modely. Why then she is a mighty good Woman, and I am greatly oblig'd to her.

Clarif. For what?

L. Modely. For removing the most disagreeable thing in Nature out of my Sight.

Clarif. How can you speak so slightly of so fine a Woman as my Lady is — Well, Matrimony is a strange thing sure, that can make ev'n Perfection odious.

L. Modely. O 'tis a very dreadful thing, depend on't, *Clarissa* — 'tis a Hocus Pocus Trick that changes Gold into Glass, and the fairest Brilliant to a Death's-head — A kind of Blindman's Buff-Bubble, where he that wins the most, is sure to be a very great loser.

Clarif. And so you would persuade me from trying my Fortune in it.

L. Modely. If it was as much in my Power, as my Inclinations, I wou'd do more, I wou'd prevent you, Madam.

Clarif. Ah, my Lord — but I fear it would be with the same View, that Rooks prevent young Gamesters, from playing at the Groom-Porters — only that they may have the bubbling of 'em to themselves.

L. Modely. Rather like a true Friend, that would throw out a hand with you, to hinder you from falling into worse Company.

Clarif. Well, well, you may talk, but you shall not make me judge so harshly of Matrimony, as you would endeavour to do — I think 'tis a very orderly Institution.

L. Modely. Orderly! ha, ha, ha, you jest sure, Madam — Why the whole Business of a Man and his Wife, you see, is a continual Emulation, which shall plague one another most, and bury the other first — but drown Matrimony, we won't so much as think of it;

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it; let us securely wanton in the calm Ocean of unruffled Love.

Clarif. But 'tis possible we may meet with contrary Winds even there.

L. Modely. No'er fear, my charming Pilot, if any little Blast arise, we'll hoist Sail, and fly before it.

Clarif. But how am I certain that you won't make to Shore without me, and leave me to shift for my self.

L. Modely. [*Aside.*] Now must I use a thousand Arguments, to persuade her to a thing she has so great a mind to already — Why really, Child, I cou'd say a great many fine things upon this Occasion, and swear abundance of very good Oaths, but as I am at present a little in haste, and practising Love being the best way of explaining it, if you will but just step aside a little—

Clarif. What d'ye mean, my Lord?

L. Modely. Read but the Language of my Eyes, *Clarissa*, and you'll soon learn the meaning of my Heart — But see, Pox on't, we are surpriz'd again — My Dear Angel, take this, and when you have consider'd the Contents of it, I conjure you to give me an Answer.

Enter Claremont.

'Sdeath this Fellow haunts me like a guilty Conscience — I would he were laid in the Red Sea. [*To Claremont.*] Dear *Claremont*, I'm glad thou'rt come with all my Heart and Soul, I wanted thee here sadly, for *Clarissa* remains inflexible to all I can say to her — I've been labouring hard for thee, and would willingly bring you together, if I could.

Clare. I am very sensible how much I am oblig'd to you, my Lord.

L. Modely. Thou art faith, most extremely oblig'd to me.

Clare. But pray, my Lord, how does this Labour, you have been at to bring us together, agree with the Advice you gave us to day?

L. Modely. Um — agree — nay, nay, look you, as to that matter, a thing may agree, and yet —

Pooh,

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Pooh, pooh, agree, why mighty well — But, but in short, I can't stay to tell thee how it agrees; and so, your Slave, your Slave, tol, tol, tol, de rol.

[Exit Singing.]

Clare. Ha, ha, ha — How Consciousness of Guilt confounds a Man — Well, *Clarissa*, you play your Cards to a Miracle.

Clarif. Yes; but I wish the Game was up, for I'm tir'd with holding other People's Hands so long — But pray how come you off on t'other side of the House?

Clare. Why truly a little beyond Expectation. — Her Ladyship stands out something longer than I fear'd she would, and nothing will do with her but Proof positive against his Lordship.

Clarif. And that may possibly be in *Petto* here.

Clare. Whence came that?

Clarif. Out of his Lordship's own Fingers I may venture to affirm, for he gave me such a Squeeze when he deliver'd it, that —

Clare. Prithee let's see the Inside of it — What's this — [Reads.]

Dear MADAM,

AS my Heart is in your Disposal, so shall my Fortune be likewise; to which end I have inclosed my Name at the Foot of a Blank Sheet of Paper, that if you think me worthy of your Acceptance, you may secure whatever Share you think proper of the other. On your speedy and favourable Answer to this, depends the eternal Happiness of your entirely Devoted —

MODELY.

P. S. I will take care and prevail with Claremont, to lay down any Pretensions which might prejudice our Love.

Clare. Ha, ha, ha, this is Proof indeed with a Vengeance — Well, you must return him an Answer immediately

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mediately — In the mean time, I'll make a proper Use of these.

Clarif. Lud — Mr. *Claremont*, what must I say to him.

Clare. Why, appoint him to meet you this Evening in the dark in your own Apartment, whilst the rest of the Company are engag'd at Cards; and tell him, he shall there have a satisfactory Answer.

Clarif. What do you mean?

Clare. Not that you shall meet him your self, Child, you may be sure; but I'll inform you farther of my design within, for here comes a Fool, you see, to interrupt us.

Clarif. What, *Grinly*? I must tell you of our Project on him too.

Clare. I have heard it already from Lady *Modely*, and approve it vastly.

Enter Grinly.

Equip't for the Saddle? — *Grinly*, what Ramble are you on now?

Grinly. To London, Sir.

Clare. To London?

Grinly. Post to London, Sir.

Clarif. Earnest Business I suppose, Mr. *Grinly*.

Grinly. Yes faith, Madam, a thing of very great Consequence — There's a new Play, you must know, acted to-night.

Clare. And so you being a Friend of the Author's, are going to give him a helping Hand.

Grinly. As far as a *Whistle*, or a *Cat-call* will help him, I'm his very humble Servant — No, no, Sir, I am going to help damn the Booby.

Clare. Who is he then?

Grinly. I don't know.

Clare. What is the thing called?

Grinly. I can't tell.

Clare. Tragedy or Comedy?

Grinly. Faith, I have forgot.

Clare. Hey Day! How do you know 'tis such a bad thing then?

Grinly.

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Grinly. Lord, Sir, I don't tell you that 'tis a bad thing; if it was, it would not be worth our while to take so much Pains about it.

Clarif. Then pray, what do you damn it for?

Grinly. For, Madam, ha, ha, ha, why for *Fun*, Madam, to be sure — Game, Pastime, Noise and Humour.

Clarif. Now I thought People went to Plays with a desire of being diverted with what they met with there.

Grinly. That's good enough I gad — No, no, Madam, we carry our Diversion in our Pockets — the better the Fool writes indeed, there's the more pleasure in demolishing him; and then one mortifies the poor Dogs the Players so, for when they think they have said a mighty fine thing, and expect to receive a thundering Clap from the House, whip, Sir, we are before-hand with the rest of the Audience, and salute them with such a Hiss, as quite sets their Teeth an Edge.

Clare. Very pretty Principles truly — and so for the sake of an Evening's Uproar, you will rob a Man perhaps of his present Subsistence, and by ruining his Reputation, put it out of his Power to get any for the future.

Grinly. Let 'em thrash, let 'em thrash.

Clare. But I hope the World is not yet come to that pass, that it should be in the Power of such as thou to hurt a Writer of any Merit.

Grinly. But you are mistaken, Sir; for I will wager you now five hundred Pounds, that half a Score of us shall quite demolish the best Piece that can come on any Stage.

Clarif. And pray what is your Method, Sir, of accomplishing this manly Business?

Grinly. Why thus, Madam — We get, observe me, as soon as the Doors are open, into the middle of the Pit, which is abundantly the best Situation you must know — Now, it being a considerable Time before the Play begins, we keep our selves and the rest of the Company awake, by laughing, hellowing, thumping with our Canes, and pelting the Candle-Snuffers.

Clarif.

Grinly.

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Clarif. Gentleman-like Diversion.

Grinly. The Curtain being drawn, we give profound Attention, that the good Folk about us may know we are Criticks, and for the first two Acts we clap with the other Fools who have no more wit of their own, than to be pleas'd with the Poet's. Now by this means, we make People believe we are willing to be pleas'd likewise, and so get them more readily to join with us afterwards.

Clare. Why, you execute your Scheme very artfully, I must confess.

Grinly. Very well, Sir; but now comes on our time, for the third Act being begun, the first piece of Wit that is utter'd, *Hiss* cry two or three of us — In a little time after, a stroke of Humour comes out, *bob, bob, bob*, cry others. Then perhaps a serious Scene comes in Play, *Yaw* say the rest, and so on, till the Play is pretty well over. And for the last two or three Scenes, where the silly Rogue thinks he has shewn his Judgment the most, and on which the whole Business of the Piece depends, we strike up such a Chorus of *Cat-calls, Whistles, Hisses, Hoops, and Horse-laughs*, that not one of the Audience can hear a Syllable, and therefore charitably conclude it to be very sad Stuff. — The Epilogue's spoke, the Curtain falls, and so the poor Rascal is sent to the Devil — But 'Gad I've almost overstay'd my Time here.

Clarif. [*Aside to Claremont.*] We must divert him from this Enterprize, or our Plot will be blown up.

Clare. I am sorry this weighty Business calls you away from us; we depended on you to make one at a private Assembly this Evening.

Grinly. Assembly, my Dear? whose? where? who to be there?

Clarif. Why your Lady, Sir, that is to be — The Wealthy *West-Indian*.

Grinly. Hey — nay, then I' faith I must be there too — and yet I'm plaguy loth to be absent to-night — I have made one at every Damning-bout for these several Years. But hold, I can send my *Valet de Chambre*

in my room, and he understands it as well as my self — so, Gentry, for the present, your most Obedient, and I'll not fail to be punctual in Time and Place.

[Exit Grinly.]

Clare. Where you'll stand a fair Chance to meet with a piece of Dramatical Justice, your self.

Clarif. And in order thereunto, I'll go and prepare the Incidents as artfully as I can.

Clare. And I'll meet and compare Notes with you, as soon as I have settled a little Affair with your Guardian, which will be necessary to our Scheme.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Lubbardly Block, and Chip.

Chip. But Father, if you would but hearken to Reason —

Sir Lub. But me, no Buts, Sir! so it must be — hearken to Reason, Sirrah — What have I to do with Reason, when it does not suit with my Mind — When I have Authority to command, d'ye think I'll have any Regard to your Ifs and your Ands?

Chip. Why, should you like your self now, to be forc'd to marry one you could n't approve of?

Sir Lub. Approve of? — There's eight thousand Pounds, Sirrah, you can approve of that, I hope? As to the Woman, I don't desire that you should approve of her; I'll take her off thy Hands, once thou hast a Right to her Fortune.

Chip. Nay, nay, if you'll promise me that, I'll consent to be brac'd to her as soon as you will. But look'e Father, I'll have her one Month to my self, that I may make her some amends for her Favours to-day.

[Aside.] I'gad I'll work her Buff for her.

Sir Lub. Ay, now thou talk'st like a dutiful Child; and will't thrive for it, and may't prove as worthy a Man as thy Father — that is — as rich a Man.

E

Chip.

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Chip. But pray now, Father, must not I purchase a lac'd Coat against this Wedding?

Sir Lub. Um ——— no, no, 'tis no matter for that, *Chip*; the Clothes that were made for mine will do extraordinary well; they're not indeed quite of your modish Cut, but mighty fine — the Lace is a little tarnisht, but extremely rich — and the Buttons somewhat of the largest, but all Silk — so, e'en get home, and try 'em on directly, and be ready to-morrow by Day-break, and the Job shall be done.

Chip. Well, well, the earlier the better say I — I shall be able to get so much the sooner into the Field.

[Exit *Chip*.]

Enter *Claremont*.

Clare. Sir *Lubbardly*! The very Man I was longing to see.

Sir Lub. [*Afide.*] Wheedling Rogue! I know what 'tis he longs for — Well, Sir, Now you do see me, I hope your longing is satisfy'd.

Clare. Not quite, Sir, for I have something to propose to you, which may turn to your advantage.

Sir Lub. That, Sir, is more than I am apt to believe — And look'e, Sir, 'tis in vain to proposal me any Proposals, *Clarissa* was born to better Fortune, I assure you, Sir; you must not have the breaking of her I tell you bluntly; I have provided her a Jockey out of my own Family.

Clare. Bless me, Sir, I shall never think of making you any Proposals about her; 'tis quite a different Business.

Sir Lub. O ho! if you are for Business, I am your Man — Which of the two *York Matches* do you choose to have a Bet on? — I'll lay you Six to Five on the Black Horse, against the Mare — a hundred Guineas to fifty on the Grey against the Chestnut — my *Crop-Ears* against *Lun's Harlequin*, for as much as you'll stake.

Clare. No, no, Sir.

Sir Lub. No, Sir! — Why then, I'll take my Lord

Pig-

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Pigtail's Sly-cap against the Field — for Gold to Silver, he wins the first Heat.

Clare. But, Sir, instead of hearing my Proposals, you are making your own.

Sir Lub. I tell you, Sir, in great Confidence, that *Sly-cap* will have the Plate — My Lord *Lovestable's Wildfire* will run rusty at once — And as for *Blunderbuss* and *Pill-Garlick*, the first will stumble ten times before he comes to the Distance-post, and the other will never come to the Distance-post at all.

Clar. In a Word, Sir, I'll bet nothing on Horse or Mare.

Sir Lub. Nay, Sir, if you are for the Cock-pit, I'll meet you there with all my Heart. I'll take *Boston-men* against *Scarborough* to please you for once; or my *Hot-spur* shall fight a single Battle with *Sir Thomas's Spit-fire* — what say you to that now?

Clare. I don't find, Sir, that you'll give me leave to say any thing at all — and so, Sir, your most Obedient.

Sir Lub. Hold, Sir, I am silent — I'm as dumb as a dead Woman — I'll hold my Breath, if possible, to please you. However, let me tell you, I'd have you be there, Money may be got there; take that from *Sir Lubhardly*.

Clare. Ay, and Money may be got nigher Home too, if you'd take any thing from me; nay, this very Moment while we are only talking about it.

Sir Lub. How! Don't let us stand here then — 'Tis a comfortable thing, I must confess, to get Money so nigh home — But which way must we go about it?

Clare. Why, there's an Assembly this Evening at Lord *Modely's* Apartment, where I have agreed to engage my Lady at Piquet, so that if you'll go my Halves —

Sir Lub. Ay, but are you sure you have much Advantage in the Play?

Clare. I am sure I may have with a little of your Assistance: For I shall take occasion before we begin

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to inform her Ladyship of an Affair, which will ruffle her Spirits to that degree, that she won't regard how she plays, or for how much: in the mean time you may overlook her Cards, and sign her.

Sir Lub. Why truly, Mr. *Claremont*, you are a very good Friend of mine, and I would willingly go as far as I could to serve you: But this I cannot do—I cannot well do indeed, Sir, my Conscience will not permit me.

Clare. [*Aside.*] Um—Conscience from him, is like Modesty from a Whore, which she never uses but to make her Lewdness succeed the better.

Sir Lub. If you could find out some honefter Method of doing the Business, one would rather, methinks.

Clare. [*Aside.*] O! I thought your stout Conscience would soon begin to capitulate—P'shaw, what signifies the Method—since the Design is honest, no matter what the Means are.

Sir Lub. The Design honest—why, what is the Design then? [*Aside.*] If it be not to keep the Money when we've got it, I shall have nothing to do with it.

Clare. Why, you know very well that my Lord's Estate is running to Ruin, and therefore if some of the Wreck should fall into our hands, it will be better than elsewhere; for as we are Friends to the Family, we shall have it more in our Power, you know, to assist them in Extremity.

Sir Lub. Nay, nay, on that consideration I have nothing to object—I have so great a Friendship for my Lord *Modely's* Family, that I would submit to any thing for its Interest.

Clare. Why, that's like a Friend now, to overlook all Difficulties for his sake one loves best—you'll be with us then presently, for I must step in before to play the preliminary Game. [*Exit Clare.*]

Sir Lub. Ay, ay, I'll not fail to be there soon enough. I'll warrant you; I am not one of those sleepy Rogues that will lose any Opportunity of getting Money—

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It must be a heavy Steed indeed, that won't stretch a little for such a Plate, and in sight of the Post too—
 'Twas lucky, however, that I made a Conscience of doing it at first, for now it will be lookt upon as a very friendly Undertaking—well, Conscience is a very fine thing to talk of; but if it should ever prevent me from getting a Pound, O my Conscience I should hang my self the very next hour—Let me see—
 If I can make but a good feeling Job of it to-night, it will defray the Expences o' *Gib's* Wedding to-morrow—Well, I am very much oblig'd to Providence—very much indeed—and whenever I think I have got money enough, I'll take up and be Godly, in order to make it some amends. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to the Lord Modely's Apartment.*

Enter Lady Modely, with a Letter in her Hand, followed by Claremont.

La. Modely. Yes, yes, Sir, I need no further Conviction, he has sign'd himself Villain with his own hand here— I never lov'd the Wretch, but now I hate, detest, loath him.

Clare. [*Aside.*] That's a Sign you love him more than you think you do.

La. Modely. To wrong me too with such a Baby-Face Chit—a half blown Primrose—I can't bear it—and yet if I should serve him so, tho' never so strongly tempted, he would storm like a Dragon—and so let him—I shall never think my self oblig'd to fast, because his sickly Palate is set on green Trash.

Clare. Right, Madam. [*Aside.*] I see a Man need but deserve to be a Cuckold, and his Wife will do him reason.

La. Modely. To subdue Inclination to Duty, is very truly a Virtue: But when those Obligations are first cancell'd by a Husband, I see no Merit in regarding

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Clare. Most excellently well reason'd, Madam. [*Aside.*] If I had any thought of breaking a Commandment now, I find there would not be any great trouble in it.

L. Modely. How warmly the Brute writes too — and yet whenever he is with me, he's as cold and lifeless as a Statue — puts the disposal of his whole Fortune here into her hands, and yet parts with his Money to me, as if he was paying a City Bill — but by Heav'n I'll be ev'n with him — Ha! see here he comes, now, now, Sir, I shall let you find that I am not the Chicken you imagin'd.

Clare. 'Sdeath — I must prevent this Interview, or all will be lost — Dear Madam, be persuaded to take no notice of it yet; Step but a Moment with me into the next Room, and I'll put you in a way to be thoroughly reveng'd of him.

La. Modely. Ay, but shall it be to-night — For I can't shut my Eyes till I make him repent of this abuse.

Clare. It shall upon my Honour — and then, Madam, I hope you'll think of making me some small Acknowledgment for the Pains I take in serving you.

La. Mod. You may depend, Sir, that since my Lord is so Modish a Husband, I shall to match him the better, be as Modish a Wife. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Modely with a Letter, repeating Verses.

L. Modely. " Heaven first taught Letters for some wretched Maid,

" Some banish'd Lover, or some Captive's aid;

" They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,

" Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires;

" The Virgins Wish without her Fears impart,

" Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart;

" Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,

" And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the Pole.

True, Faith, extremely true upon my Soul, as here's my Witness —

The Virgins Wish without her Fears impart —

And

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And here they do so, by *Venus* — O the dear soft, wishing, yielding, melting Creature — And wafers of *Sugar* from *Indus* to the *Pole* — and kisses too, by *Heaven* [*Kisses the Letter*.] 'Slife I taste her very Breath in't — Was there ever such a successful, happy, impudent Rogue as I am — to have such a delicate, delicious piece of Fruit drop full into one's Mouth, before one has well open'd it, is the very Extravagance of Fortune — But let me see once more — [*Reads*

MY LORD,

I have perused Yours, and if you'll come to-night to the Gallery that leads to my Chamber, when the rest of the Company are engag'd at Cards, you shall be satisfi'd better. When the Clock strikes One, be that your signal to go to the Place.

Why what is't a Clock now? [*Pulls out his Watch*.] 'Sdeath but seven — What, six Ages to come? I can never stay so long — I am wound up to that pitch, that I shall certainly run down before the time. How now, Mr. Turnpenny, what say you?

Enter Steward.

Stew. May it please your Lordship, I have been upon the Watch these three Months, to get an Opportunity of finding you alone.

L. Modely. Well, now you have found me, what have you to say?

Stew. Why, that I fear, my good Lord, you have quite lost your self.

L. Modely. Come, Sir, pray, Truce with your Documents to-night, I want none of your Advice.

Stew. Nor of my Service neither, my Lord; and therefore I am come to beg you wou'd dismiss me — I have serv'd you, my Lord, with Diligence and Fidelity these many Years, and now that 'tis impossible for me to serve you any longer, I will not put you to the Expence of a Supernumerary Domestick. The Steward's Place now, my Lord, is a perfect *Sine Cure*.

L. Modely. How so, good Mr. Turnpenny?

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Stew. Why, there's nothing, my Lord, to receive, nor nothing to pay — your Tenants are all a Year's Rent beforehand — the Interest upon your Mortgages two Years behindhand — you can take up nothing upon Trust — for you are in every Body's Debt already — and for Money — I paid the last fifty Pounds to the Baker just now.

Ls. Modely. Death and the Devil! what did you mean by that? you Blockhead, to be paying Tradesmen Bills — How often have I told you to part with no Money, but for Debts of Honour.

Stew. [*Aside.*] That is, to pay no body but Whores and Sharpers.

Ls. Modely. But, prithee, let's have no more of this Nonsense to night. I have other Business on my Hands — To-morrow I'll talk to you. [*Exit Stew.*] But now, I'll think of nothing but Pleasure, of loving, and of being lov'd again — and what else is there in Life that's worth a Thought — what's Ambition? but mounting a Monument to turn one's Head, and perhaps break one's Neck — what's Avarice? but starving one's self to feed a Chest, and like a Mule having the Burthen of Riches without the Use of 'em — what's Learning, but poring one's self blind in order to be clear-sighted — and Honour, but begging the Favour of People to run one through the Guts — No, no, Time (as the Poet says) without Love stands still.

“What we refuse to him to Death we give,
And then, then only when we love we live.

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE draws, and discovers the Company at Cards in Lord Modely's House. Claremont and Lady Modely at one Table, Sir Lubbardly Block overlooking, Grinly, and Lucy as a West-Indian, at another, Lord Modely walking up, and down, and looking often on his Watch.

Grinly. **D**Rown Cards, I can look on 'em no longer — my Eyes are so much better engag'd elsewhere, that, rat me, if I can distinguish between a Knave and a Queen. [Throwing up his Cards.

Lucy. Will you give me the Game then, Sir?

Grinly. Yes, Madam, and every thing else in my Power.

Lucy. You are very complaisant, Sir — But what makes you sick of Cards so soon?

Grinly. Because I am sick of something else, Madam.

Lucy. Of your Company perhaps:

Grinly. Why, I must confess, my Disorder comes from that Quarter.

Lucy. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Grinly. If you are really so, Madam, you won't refuse to administer some Relief.

Lucy. Would not a thorough Cure be better?

Grinly. O! by no means, I would never be quite rid of it for all the World — Nay, 'tis impossible, ever should, but with Life.

Lucy. Hah! a very odd Distemper, indeed, and wonderfully violent to be so firmly rooted at once — However, Sir, if you'll make me acquainted with your Symp-

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Symptoms, I'll give you the best Advice I am Mistress of.

Gelly. If your Ladyship will but step then to the Side-board in the next Room, I'll lay my whole Case before you, while you whip up a Gelly.

Lacy. With all my Heart, Sir.

Grinby. [Handing her out.] I' gad, I have nickt her.

Lacy. [Aside.] I' faith, I have him ——— [Exeunt.]

La. Modely. [Looking on his Watch.] If a Man was to count every Minute of his Life as I have done tonight, fifty Years would be a whole Eternity ——— So! 'tis one o' Clock at last — Now, then for *Clare* [To the Company.] Well, you are resolv'd not to stir, I find, till the Sun makes bold to put out your Candles — as for my part, I'll take a solitary Moonlight Ramble for half an Hour, and return to you again.

La. Modely. [Aside.] O ho! are you going, Sir? I'll attend you immediately, and make bold perhaps to light up a Candle for you — Well, Mr. *Claremont*, what's your Game?

Clare. A *Rapique* in Hand, Madam, against the Cards.

La. Modely. Then we have done, Sir ——— And now, what is it I owe you?

Clare. Five hundred Pounds, Madam.

La. Modely. And you, Sir *Lubbardly*.

Sir Lub. Five hundred more, an please your Ladyship.

La. Modely. Very well, Gentlemen, you may demand it of my Lord as soon as you please, and so your Servant. [Exit.]

Sir Lub. Hoh, hoh, hoh, Partner, give me the Hand — We have made a good sort of an Evening Pastime here — We have turn'd up Trumps with her Ladyship, I' faith.

Clare. Yes, truly, we have made pretty good Dispatch — we have not had our Hands in our Pockets.

Sir Lubbardly.

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Sir Lub. No, no—but we have had 'em in somebody's else, tho'. Hey! a dod, that was well said o' *Sir Lub.* very well, troth—

Clare. O' my Life, you are a perfect Wit, *Sir Lub.* hardly.

Sir Lub. No, a Pox on your Wits—I'm only jocular, that's all—your Fools of Wits are always merrier while they are spending Money—I, when I am getting it—Take one o' your Wits at Business, and see what he is good for—He do's not so much know how to bet on a Match—Wit, Sir, is a plaguy Burthen on a Man, and he that has it, can no more thrive under it, than a Horse can run a Race with me on his Back.

Clare. You say right, Sir—but now to our Business—I should be merrier methinks, if this Money was in our Purses.

Sir Lub. Why in troth, Sir, so should I too—I always love your Bird in hand—but I think, we are pretty well o' the right side of the Hedge—we have leave, you know, to demand it of my Lord.

Clare. That's true, *Sir Lubbardly*; but as no body knows what may happen, we can't, I think, make use of that Leave too soon.

Sir Lub. You are a wise Man, Mr. *Claremont*, and argue wondrous well, faith and troth do you—one cannot be too wary in such times as these are; 'tis a bad Age, a very sad Age, and Injustice is so abominably gone forth amongst us, that 'tis very difficult for an honest Man to come by his own.

Clare. Why truly, I am more astonish'd at the Age every Day. Knavery is grown so very impudent, I think, that it's no longer at the Pains of hiding its face; and a Man can cheat his Friend with as much serenity, as say his Prayers.

Sir Lub. Very true—very sad, indeed—and therefore I'll do what I can to prevent such Wickedness, by demanding my Money this very instant.

Clare. You'll find Ink and Paper in the next Room, where you may write your Demand; and be sure let it be peremptory.

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Sir Lab. Let me alone to take care of that; I'll make him understand me with a Vengeance, I'll warrant him ——— [Exit.]

Clare. And I shall make you understand me too with a Vengeance, soon, or I'll renounce all Pretensions to Politicks for the future.

Enter Clarissa.

Clarif. Well, Mr. Claremont, what's to be done?

Clare. Nothing at all.

Clarif. How!

Clare. No—for every thing does it self—and I am under very great Apprehensions, I can tell you.

Clarif. On what Account?

Clare. Why, we go on too successfully in Conscience—it can never hold out—I fear, we shall have some damn'd underground Train take fire, and blow us up before we have finish'd.

Clarif. Whims, Meagrimms, what! faint-hearted Man? too good Fortune I find, like too strong Perfumes, quite overcomes People——

Clare. True—but what have you done with Lucy and her Paramour—How go we on there?

Clarif. O! a full Gallop——They are alone in the Drawing Room.—Grinly's as busy about her as a Bee on a Blossom, and her Ladyship gulls him most miraculously well——

Clare. I was afraid, she would have scarce had Art enough.

Clarif. P'shaw, Art——one has it in one's Nature. Man—Disimulation fits as easy on her, as if she had been bred at St. James's——But is it not time for us pray, to be moving elsewhere.

Clare. I believe it may——the loving Couple are now about meeting, and when the first Expressions of their Fondness are a little over, 'twill be proper for us to be at hand to relieve 'em.

Clarif. Well, 'tis a barbarous thing of us after all Mr. Claremont.

Clare. Surgeon's Work, Madam——Causticks are absolutely necessary in desperate Cases—but we must lose no time, for this is the critical Hour.

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Clariss. I attend you, Sir, as fast as you please——

[Exeunt.]

SCENE the Gallery.

Enter Lord Modely at one Door, and Lady Modely at the other, as in the dark.

L. Modely. Hift——I think, I hear her at last——
y, her Steps, I'll swear; for my Heart beats time with
cm——*Clarissa.*

La. Modely. My Lord.

L. Modely. Where art thou, my Angel? give me thy
Hand.

La. Modely. Take it then.

L. Modely. *[Kissing it.]* Ay, and taste it too——by
heavens there's more Sweets on the back of these
Fingers, than in the whole Frame of a thousand
Wives.

La. Modely. Now, I think your Wife as agreeable
Woman as any in the World.

L. Modely. But you don't know her, Child, so well
as I do.

La. Modely. Indeed, I do, and the longer I know
her, the better I like her.

L. Modely. Ay, but you was never married to her,
my Dear.

La. Modely. And do you really hate her then?

L. Modely. Um——faith, I never was concern'd
enough to ask my self the Question——but I'm sure,
I shall hate her, if the least Moment is thrown away
upon her now.

La. Modely. Nay, I only ask——because, if I was
satisfied you did, I could venture to tell you some-
what.

L. Modely. Well, I do, I do.

La. Modely. Why, then you must know, Sir, that
he is at this very time with a Man in the dark, and
what they are about, I'll leave you to guess.

L. Modely. Death and Hell——where——with
whom?

La. Modely.

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La. Modely. Why, what does it signify? you need not care.

L. Modely. Signify — not care — 'slife — bring me to 'em directly —

La. Modely. How, my Lord! did I come here for that?

L. Modely. You reproach me justly, my dear Creature, for throwing away a Thought on any thing but Love — but you'll tell me who it is that I am to thank for taking this care of my Family?

La. Modely. Another time perhaps.

L. Modely. Another time be it then — and now, my dear enchanting —

La. Modely. Hold, hold, let us step into my Chamber, and there we shall find a Light.

L. Modely. Faith, Child, there's no manner of occasion for a Light; I can do altogether as well without it.

La. Modely. But I can't, Sir.

L. Modely. Come along quickly then, for I can't stay a Moment longer.

La. Modely. Lead on then, I shall take down your Courage presently, I'll warrant you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another Room, with Candles on the Table.

Enter Lord Modely leading in Lady Modely.

L. Modely. Come along boldly, Child; for there's nothing but a clear Coast, and an inviting Couch — Midnight the time, and a silent Waxlight the Spectator — and so, my Dear, Dear — [Turning to embrace her.] the Devil! my Wife.

La. Modely. Yes, your Wife, my Lord — Bless me! what are you so startl'd at? you have been caught in nothing, I'm sure, that you need be asham'd of — only an innocent Moon-light Ramble.

L. Modely. Um —

La. Modely. You have been only acting agreeable to your Rank and Station, my Lord — nothing but main.

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maintaining the Dignity of your Character, and most exactly playing the Man of Quality.

L. Mod. Son!

La. Modely. And this indeed would have been topping your Part, to have ruin'd so fine a Girl as *Clarissa*, and that too an intimate Companion of your Wife's, and under her very Nose — Oh! that would have been Heroical.

L. Modely. Why, look'e my Dear, you have the Appearance of Reason to be mov'd, I must confess — but —

La. Modely. Mov'd my Lord? I give you my Honour, Sir, I never enjoy'd a greater Serenity of Temper — mov'd, at what — mov'd — [*Afide.*] The Wretch shall not think I've so much value for him, as to be in the least concern'd.

L. Mod. I only say, Child, that you have the Appearance of Reason to be mov'd — I know very well, my Dear, that you are a Woman of so great Penetration, as to see into the Bottom of this Affair at once — and so I have very fairly won my Wager, ha, ha, ha, Poor *Claremont*.

La. Modely. Your Wager!

L. Modely. A hundred Guineas, by *Jupiter* — *Claremont* and I, you must know, were talking this Morning about the difference of Wives, when I extolling mine above all the World, (as I have just reason to do you know my Dear) my Gentleman truly stops me in my Career, and had Malice enough to say, that I was no better off than the rest of my Neighbours; and in short, roundly affirm'd, that your Ladyship wore the Breeches — a scandalous Reflection upon you, my Dear, d'ye mark me, and monstrously provoking?

La. Modely. Yes, my Lord, I do mark you, and 'tis monstrously provoking indeed.

L. Modely. So, I said, my Love, and therefore offer'd to lay him a hundred Guineas, d'ye observe me, Child — To lay him a hundred Guineas — that — that if — a hundred Guineas! Ay, ay, 'twas a hundred Guineas — a hundred Guineas! I say, my Dear — that, that

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that if I was to keep a Mistress, and you was directly to catch me with her, you had such a superlative Share of Good-nature and Obedience, that you would bear it with the utmost Tranquillity and Resignation.

La. Modely. Oh! my Lord—

L. Modely. Pray, my Dear, let me go on—upon which, my Love, we immediately contriv'd this Scheme, that you and I should be brought together in the dark, and that I should behave, as if I thought it was a Mistress, and that when we came to discover one another, I should start and seem surpriz'd upon finding it to be you—which you know I did, my Dear.

La. Modely. Yes, yes, my Dear. [*Aside.*] audacious Wretch!

L. Modely. And according as you behav'd upon that, I was to win or lose—but I have won with a Vengeance, as you can witness, Love.

La. Modely. A most surprizing Scheme, indeed!

L. Modely. Ay, was it not very clever now—and a much better way of deciding it you know, my Dear, than if I had really taken a Mistress—and since you have acted so charmingly in this Affair, you shall go halves with me in the Wager, and I'll kiss thee heartily by way of thanksgiving. [*Going to kiss her.*]

La. Modely. I can hold no longer—Monster, stand off——Dost think I am such a poor stupid Animal, to be impos'd on by so pitiful an Evasion as this?

L. Modely. O! fy, my Dear, this is spoiling all again.

La. Modely. No, Sir, I could have bore your Villany with Indifference, because I despise you; but I have more Value for my own Reputation, than to let you think, you can so easily abuse my Understanding—I suppose, you will deny that Letter to be yours too.

[*Flings the Letter at him.*]

L. Modely. My Letter to *Clarissa*!—Nay, then Mr. *Serjeant Belzebub* himself could not find out a Quibble to overthrow such an Evidence—Yes, faith, my Dear, I do flatly and positively deny it—No, hold, hold, I lye there too, I did write it, I remember

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ber now; but this Adventure here had drove it out of my Head.

La. Modely. O you did, Sir!

L. Modely. Ay, Child! for at the very same time that t'other Business was agreed upon betwixt us, *Claremont*, who you know, courts *Clorissa*, insisted that I should make an Attempt of this kind on his Mistress, in order to his being the better convinc'd of her Virtue and Fidelity——and now, I hope you are thoroughly satisfy'd, Madam. [*Aside.*]

La. Modely. Yes, Sir, I am thoroughly satisfy'd that you are as mean in your Temper, as you are vicious in your Morals; and that there's no Falshood so flagrant, but what you can utter, as well as act.

L. Modely. Hift, hift, Madam——you don't do well to be altogether so clamorous in your Upbraidings——Here's somebody coming——don't expose your self.

La. Modely. No, Sir, but I'll expose your Baseness to all the World; you shall not treat me in this manner without paying for it, I assure you, Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, I had express Orders from Sir *Lubbarly*, to deliver this Letter into your Lordship's own Hand.

L. Modely. Very well——wait without, and you shall have an Answer—— [*Looks over the Letter.*] Yes, Madam, I see I am to pay for it with a Vengeance——without there [*Enter a Servant.*] Go find out Mr. *Claremont* this instant, and inform him that I would speak with him [*Exit Servant.*] Here's a Demand from Sir *Lubbarly* of a Play-debt of your Ladyships to the trifling Sum of about five hundred Pound——Now, who has reason to recriminate, Madam?——your Ladyship takes care I see to indulge in Amusements more expensive, and altogether as fatal as my self; And was your Genius turn'd like mine, you would by the same Rule give it as full Scope in the very same way——but I scorn Reproaches——the Money shall be paid, tho' I am oblig'd to borrow it. [*Aside.*] The Devil's in't if this be not hush Money enough.

F

Enter

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Enter Clevermont.

Clare. Your Servant, my Lord, inform'd me, that you had some earnest Business with me.

L. Modely. Why yes faith, Ned, I have a little occasion at present to make use of thy Friendship — **Here's a Card-Debt** of my Wife's to Sir **Lubbardly Black** for five hundred Pound come upon me something unexpected — Now, if it suits thy Convenience to lay it down —

Clare. I suppose your Lady has acquainted you, Sir, that there's the same Sum due to me on the same Account —

L. Modely. How! 'sdeath, Madam, is this sufferable?

La. Modely. Sufferable! nay, if you flinch at this, I'll double the Sum next; and that will gall you, I hope —

L. Modely. Indeed — nay, then 'tis time to take care of my self. This is the last Sun, Madam, you shall ever see rise, under my Roof — and then be as lavish as you please of your own.

Clare. But softly, my Lord — instead of turning your Lady out of Doors, you'll find it necessary to think of turning out your self — This House, and the Estate belonging to it, is now the Property of my Wife, and in her Name I lay claim to it.

L. Modely. Your Wife's! — the Man's asleep, sure.

Clare. Or rather you was asleep, Sir, when you sign'd this Paper — Do you know this Hand, my Lord?

L. Modely. Yes, Sir, and what then?

Clare. Why then, my Lord, it has subscrib'd to a Deed of Gift made to **Clarissa Lovely**, who is now my Wife, of two Estates; one situate in the County of **Surry** of fifteen hundred Pounds *per annum*, the other in the City of **London** for a Thousand more.

L. Modely. [*Aside*] Ha! the very blank Paper which I was so mad as to leave sign'd in her Hands —

Then **Clarissa**, you say, is your Wife, Sir?

Clare. Yes, Sir, she is.

L. Modely.

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L. Modely. Why, then *Clarissa* is a damn'd Jilt, Sir— and the friendly, plain-dealing, honest *Claremont*, a most notorious Rascal, which I'll write in his Heart.

[*Draws his Sword, and offers to run at him.*]

Clare. [*Presenting a Pistol.*] One Step further this way, Sir, and you forfeit your Life—I suspected what the Consequence of this News would be, and so provided accordingly.

L. Modely. [*Musing some time, then throws his Sword out of his Hand.*] Come then, Sir, as you have taken my Fortune, take my Life along with it, and you'll still be my Friend—For to a Wretch in my Circumstances, a single Reflection is more racking Torment, than a thousand Deaths.

La. Modely. [*Wiping her Eyes.*]— [*Aside.*] I begin now too late to be sensible of my own Folly too, and however faulty my Lord has been, it stings me to the Soul to see him thus.

Clare. My Lord—I can no longer bear to see you in these Agonies—Here I tear this Paper in pieces, and give it to the Wind—the whole Business was a Contrivance of mine in order to make you sensible what your Extravagances might lead to—the thousand Pound won of your Ladyship by Sir *Lubbardly Block* and my self, was of the same nature, and not fairly plaid for—In short, every thing that has hapned to-night—your meeting here—the Money being demanded—and all the other Circumstances were entirely owing to the friendly Intentions of *Clarissa* and my self.

Enter Clarissa.

Clarif. That they were I'll be sworn—and I hope you'll pardon the Freedom we have taken in your Affairs.

L. Modely. Dear *Claremont*, I am astonish'd at this unmerited Goodness, and can make no other Return to it than the assurance of its having sully had the Effect you propos'd, which to one of thy disinterested Generosity and Friendship, is, I know, Recompense sufficient.

L. Modely. And that, my dear *Clarissa*, is the only Acknowledgment I am capable of making you.

Clarif. Which is the utmost Satisfaction we could wish.

Clare. And the greatest Pleasure we could receive.

L. Modely. [*Taking Lady Modely by the Hand.*] And for you, and I, my Dear, what helpless Wretches, what Bankrupts, both in Fame, and Fortune, shou'd we, by this time, have been, had we met with no better Friends, than we prov'd to our selves; but we must now cease reproaching, and always remember, that People have just as much Misery, as they want Virtue.

La. Modely. But, my Lord, you must permit me to shed one Tear for Transport—to think that I have been so uncommonly happy, as (in one Day) to recover a lost Husband, and find a faithful Friend.

Clare. So, this is something like, now, for People to be cur'd of their Disorders, without putting on the four Features of Penitence and Reflection.

L. Modely. That's principally owing to the Skill of our Physician; but pray, Sir, as you have been so fruitful in Schemes here, are we to look on your Marriage with this Lady, as real, or only of a piece with the rest of your Fictions?

Clarif. O! no, my Lord, 'tis a sad solemn Truth, I assure you, which he won't be able to get over so easily.

L. Modely. Then, my dear Friend, I sincerely congratulate thee.

Clarif. Stay, stay, my Lord, you must not do that as yet.

La. Modely. Why so, Child?

Clarif. Because the Fortune is not receiv'd.

Clare. O! your Servant, Madam—but if the rest of our Plot succeed as well as the first Part, it shall not be long before it is.

L. Modely. Can we be of any Assistance in the Case?

Clare. Why, yes, my Lord, I believe you may—I drew in Sir *Lubbardly*, you must know, to be my

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Partner in cheating my Lady, to the end that if he shou'd refuse to surrender his Trust, we might force him to it by threatening to expose his Knavery to the World—— Now, my Lord, if you ——

L. Modely. Say no more, I have hit on a Method that shall make him both give up *Clarissa's* Fortune, and his five hundred Pound Debt; and at the same time make us very good Diversion—— Where shall we find him?

Clare. He is now in the Hall waiting your Answer to his Letter.

L. Modely. Why then, there I'll go, and give him a satisfactory one—— Come, Ladies, you must go with us, that we may have Witnesses enough, or else perhaps we shall have him indict us for a Robbery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Hall.

Sir Lubbardly Block solus.

'Sbuddakins, what a plague makes this boobily Servant so long a coming?—— But hold, that's no bad Sign, it looks as if he would bring somewhat with him when he doe's come—— and his Lordship belike is forc'd to ransack his Drawers, for some of his old Housekeepers to make up the Sum.

Enter Lord Modely, Lady Modely, Claremont and Clarissa.

L. Modely. I beg pardon, *Sir Lubbardly*, for making you wait, but I was willing to give you an answer my self.

Sir Lub. O mighty well, my Lord, extremely well, my Lord—— no, no; wait—— there's nothing in it—— and as to the Money, my Lord, I am in no such hurry, no such very great hurry I mean, but I could have been satisfied with it an hour or two hence.

L. Modely. Yes, Sir, but I am in a hurry, and require instant Satisfaction—— I am not ignorant of the scandalous Method which you and this other honest Gentleman here took, to cheat my Wife, and impose

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upon me; and as you was the first in your Demands, you shall first have an Answer — and so draw, Sir.

Sir Lub. Draw Sir! — Look'e, my Lord, if you will draw a Bill on your Banker for five hundred Pound, I will draw a Receipt in full.

L. Modely. Come, come, Sir, I am not in Jest, however willing you may be to believe me so.

Clara. [*Aside to Sir Lubbardly.*] Hearn'e, Sir *Lub-*
bardly, 'tis in vain for us to deny it, we were over-
heard, and all is discover'd — so we must ev'n brush
thro' it as well as we can — he's an arrant Coward, you
may take my Word, and if once he finds you resolv'd,
he'll be glad to desist.

Sir Lub. Are you very sure of that? — or suppose
you was to give him a Touch behind, while I flou-
rish'd at him before — hey?

L. Modely. No more juggling, Sir — either give up
all Pretensions to your Claim, or defend 'em imme-
diately.

Sir Lub. Good Sir, don't be so impatient — I will
defend 'em immediately. [*Draws his Sword.*]

L. Modely. O Heav'ns! Mr. *Claremont*, you won't
let 'em fight sure?

Clara. Be easy, Madam, there's not the least Danger.

Sir Lub. [*Standing on his Guard, but stops short when*
my Lord holds up his Sword.] But hold, hold — let's
measure our Swords — Ods me, yours is the longest
tho'.

L. Modely. Not the breadth of a Hair.

Sir Lub. A Hair's breadth at least.

L. Modely. Take it then, and give me yours?

Sir Lub. S'bud, what excuse shall I find out now —
[*Flourishes his Sword again as offering to fight, and then*
stops short as soon as my Lord holds up his.] forbear,
my Lord — I have not the Heart to do you any mis-
chief — I see how much advantage I shall have of
you; and my Conscience will not suffer me to take it
— I'd rather forfeit five thousand Pound, than be
guilty of shedding Christian Blood.

Clara. ha, ha, ha,

L. Modely.

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L. Modely. But stay, Sir, don't be in such haste to put up your Sword, for there's another Article to be agreed to before Peace is concluded — a Friend of mine is secretly married to this Lady, and I insist upon your delivering her Fortune instantly to me, that I may dispose of it as she shall direct.

Sir Lub. How Sir! Nay that is five thousand Pound indeed, and shall not be parted with so easily; and since we must fight — Blood and Thunder have any one, Sir. [*Flourishes his Sword, and drops it out of his Hand when my Lord presents his.*] Hold, my Lord, hold — my Sword is flipt out of my Hand — I am much afflicted with this plaguy Palsy, and have a woundy Fit of it seiz'd me this Moment — do but observe, my Lord, how terribly it makes my Hand shake?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Modely. Yes, Sir *Lubhardy*, 'tis terrible indeed; but you can deliver up Writings with your left Hand, you know. And come, Sir, be speedy, for I shall stand trifling no longer.

Sir Lub. Well, well — Lord, Sir, you may give one time to put one's Hand in one's Pocket. [*Pulling out a Pocket-book with Papers.*] S'bud I can never be able to part with 'em — But let me see, if this rusty Tit has run away with some body already, *Chip* can never be her Rider, that's certain — Well, my Lord, here they are all — and as I am so very generous, and ready in delivering 'em, I hope to-night's Affair will be no farther blaz'd abroad — what I did was with an honest Design, I assure you, my Lord — and I believe the same of my Friend *Mr. Glaremont*.

Clare. Which you'll presently be convinc'd of, Sir.

L. Modely. Here, Madam, is your Fortune — and now place it in whose hands you think fit.

Clarif. [*Giving the Papers to Glaremont.*] I can't place it in better, my Lord, than where I have plac'd my Person before — as he has the dead Weight, 'tis but proper he should have the Staff to support it.

Sir Lub. How!

Clare. Rather, Madam, as I have got so valuable a
F 4 Jewel,

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Jewel, it is but proper I should have gold to set it in.
Sir Lub. Zounds and Wounds, Sir, have you gull'd me at this Rate? Have I been bit, bandied, and bamboozled by you at this rate?

L. Modely. Pray be easy, Sir *Lubhardly*, or you'll have occasion for one of your shaking Fits again presently.

Sir Lub. What the Murrain had I to do with any thing but Horse-Racing? — If I had kept in my proper Course, I might have defid'd 'em all to have blown me up — But this comes of running where one does not know one's Ground.

L. Modely. But observe, what a fond Couple we have here.

Enter Grinly leading in Lucy.

Grinly. Lord *Modely* your hand — *Ned Claremont* I'm thine — Ladies, yours — Gentry, I have got a piece of News for you, that will strike you all dumb, if my Transport will let me get Breath enough to tell it you — I am Married.

Omnos. Married!

Grinly. Ay, married; 'tis odd now, extremely odd, is it not? — But from the first Moment the Lady and I met, we were struck with such an invincible Passion for one another, that nothing but Death could have kept us six Hours asunder.

Clarif. The gay Mr. *Grinly* to marry for love at last!

Grinly. Downright Love indeed, Madam, [*Aside.*] of her Fortune.

Clarif. I am satisfied it must be so, Sir, for honest *Lucy* had no Fortune to tempt you.

Grinly. Hey!

Clarif. However, she's a good deserving Wench, and 'tis generous in a Gentleman not to stand upon Birth or Circumstances, but to take one he loves, be she never so mean.

Grinly. Good People, is she subject to these raving Fits? — Don't be frightened, my Dear, she'll do you no harm.

Omnos. Ha, ha, ha.

Clarif.

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Clarif. Come, *Lucy*, you may return me my Watch and Jewels, for your Spouse here will give you better now.

Grinly. [*To Lucy.*] Don't mind her, Madam — she has the misfortune to be a little touch'd — that's all.

Lucy. I return 'em, Madam, with pleasure, and a thousand Thanks for the Use of them.

Grinly. What a Pox do's she mean?

Clarif. The Clothes you may keep, for they are what I had left off, and so come to you of course.

Grinly. O the Devil! am I impos'd on so damnably then? Have you bubbld me at this rate, Madam? Shamm'd me off with your *Abigail*, your *Comb-brush*, your *Powder-puff*, hey?

Clarif. 'Tis but Bubble for Bubble, Sir — you would have shamm'd me off with something worse, if you could.

Grinly. Soh! I have follow'd intriguing to a fine purpose indeed — I cou'd n't be satisfy'd with being a Smart and a Monkey, a Wit and an Ass, a Critick and a Puppy; I must set up for a Fortune-hunter and be damn'd — Well Mrs. *Pin-Cushion*, what would you have now, pray? I beseech you to remove that sweet Walnut-tree Visage of yours out of my sight — Do you know whom you have married, Child, hey? Can't you guess what sort of a Life you shall lead?

Lucy. I have married a Gentleman, Sir — and expect to live like a Gentleman's Wife.

Grinly. I' gad, and so thou shalt — which is very hel-lishly let me tell thee; but see here comes another Puppy to laugh at me too.

Enter Chip.

Chip. Well, Father, I have kept my Word, d'ye see — but I must crave Dispatch; for 'tis a dainty Morning, and the Hounds are out, and I'm agog to be at the Heels o' em — I'm ready, and if she be so too, ev'n call in the Chaplain, and let him couple us at once.

Sir Lub. No, no, Boy, she's coupled already — we are

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at all bit, and plaid the Devil with here, and so thou mayst after the Hounds as soon as thou wilt.

Chip. Nay, nay, with all my Heart——if she be gone off, e'en let her go——for I believe if I had caught her, I should have catcht but a Witch——howsoever, now my Stomach's up for a Wife, I'll not be balkt neither, and so I'll e'en home and marry Susan the Dairy-maid.

Grinly. Ay prithee do, and then thy Lady and mine will be fit Company for one another——and we may go hang our selves together, for a couple of miserable Dogs.

Chris. I think Mr. Grinly advises well, Gentry——What think you?

L. Modely. Extremely well——we'll all give our Consents——and they'll mightily oblige the World by so doing.

Chris. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Modely. And now, Lady Modely, give me your Hand!

L. Modely. There it is, my Lord——but I fear you'll not find so many Sweets in it, as you did in the dark when you took it for another's.

L. Modely. By my Soul but I do, and millions more; for I'm now convine'd, my Dear, that there's more solid delight in the calm Pleasures of a nuptial Friendship, than in all the noisy Joys of Riot and Lewdness. And let Libertines boast as they please of their boundless Freedom, they are the greatest Dupes and Drudges in nature; for they are meer Slaves to their Senses, without ever being gratified by 'em——and continually toiling for Enjoyments, which their worn out Appetites are incapable of tasting.

Wild Rakes may some false fleeting Joys procure,
But Temp'rance only can our Bliss ensure:

And then alone true Freedom's to be found,

When rul'd by Reason, and by Virtue bound.

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E P I L O G U E

Spoke by Mrs. CIBBER.

Written by HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

I Hear some honest Citizens are bumming,
Jogging their Wives—ay—now, my Dear! 'tis coming;
The Fans, I see, are marshall'd, Rank and File,
Some to hide Blushes, more to hide a Smile,
While spindle Beaux their meagre Sides are straining
To raise a Laugh, tho' they scarce know one's Meaning.
Faith! you're all bit. Let Tragedy still deal
Such whetting Acids at its palling Meal;
Where Virtue in such sad Extremes is drest,
That first they make her dreadful, then a Jest;
In painting Vice, so well they know to charm ye,
Our Poets make more Cuckolds, than our Army:
They raise such Spirits in a Female Brain,
That the poor Husband will to lay in vain.
She, who before was well enough contented,
Now told what Flames the Greeks and Romans vented;
Her Fancy fir'd with Hector or with Caesar,
What can a Haberdasher do to please her?
But Ways, like these, our Comic Captain scorns;
He swears no Spouse to him shall owe his Horns.
Our Captain——Gad! Falmost had forgot him,
To such sad Plight this sweating Night has brought him,
Nine Nights together shou'd be lessen so,
Our plump, round Bard will dwindle to a Beau;
His Pegasus, when next he mounts, will know it,
And wonder what's become of half the Poet.

I faith!

EPILOGUE.

*I faith! I think he has shewn his Spirit bolder,
 In listing Poet, than in listing Soldier:
 To mount the Stage, who'd not be more afraid,
 Than to mount Guard at Court or Masquerade!
 Which is more dangerous? (What say you Sparks?)
 To march around Parnassus, or the Parks?
 How happy were the Bard, how void of Fear,
 Were he as sure to find no En'my here,
 As he is sure to march in Safety there.
 But here no Prowess serve's the brave Commander,
 One Critic Clerk won'd rout an Alexander.
 Soldiers, give Quarter to a valiant Brother,
 Courtiers are too well bred to Dam each other.
 As the First Fault, ye Criticks, spare what's past,
 And spare him, Wits, in hopes 'twill be his last.*



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